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HIGH POLITICS.

In the *Times* of Tuesday appear two leading articles which, together, would make an excellent text for satirical commentary; especially as the *Times* itself—that perfect exponent of public opinion—obviously furnishes the text either in ignorance or indifference as to its point.

In one article the settlement of the affairs of Mexico by the Emperor Napoleon is discussed in terms of bland approval. "By our participation in the expedition originally dispatched," says the writer, "we put on record our estimate of the main question at issue. We acknowledged our conviction that the time for forbearance had passed, and that the Mexicans must be taught by force of arms the obligations incumbent upon all civilised States." Now, the obligations incumbent upon Mexico, or those which the *Times* particularly indicates here, were of a pecuniary character. Mexico did not pay her debts. Mexico had no money. But her natural resources were such that at any time she might grow rich enough to send her bonds up to par in the European markets if only an end could be made of her pestiferous little revolutions. That these revolutions were pestiferous nobody will deny; but, if it had not been for the Bonds, we in England should have dubbed them "unhappy political troubles," without the remotest notion that we were called upon to settle domestic differences brought about by priests and "Liberals" in so distant and so strange a country. But the money! The disappointments of British speculators, the poverty and recklessness of those too-frequent Mexican Governments, gave a totally new colour to the domestic differences. They were intolerable; they devastated one of the fairest regions of

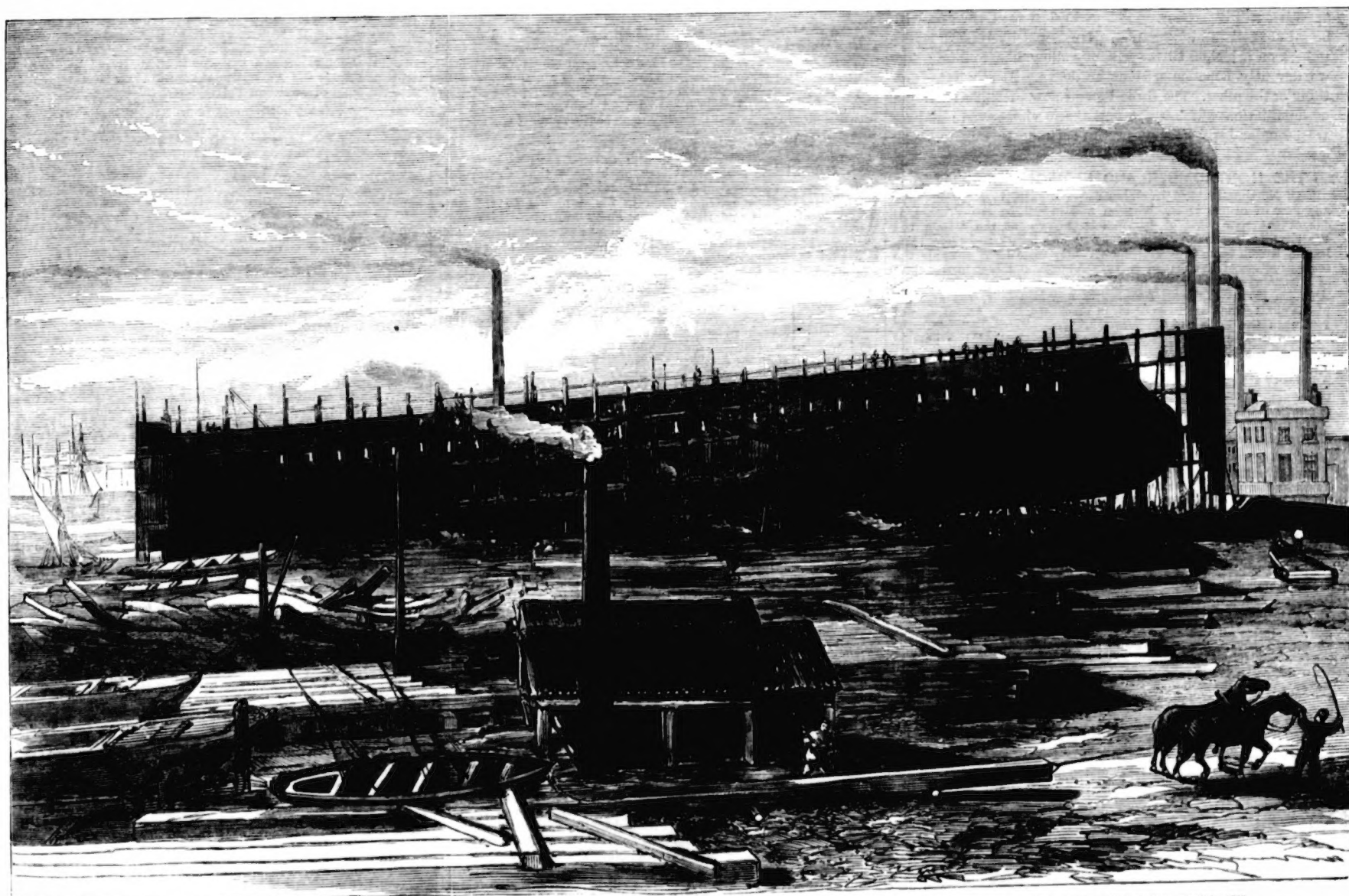
the earth; they impoverished and demoralised a docile population; they impeded the natural tide of commerce; they kept Mexican Bonds down to any price you chose to offer for them; and it was accordingly decided that "the Mexicans must be taught by force of arms the obligations incumbent upon all civilised States."

Well, we have no objection to offer to all this. True, it is generally believed that Napoleon's "settlement" of Mexican affairs is a mere stroke of ambition, an effort in the nature of territorial conveyance, with some stock-exchange jobbery to give interest and piquancy to the operation for those who were at the pains of planning it. But we have nothing to do with that, of course. Our interest is in the cause of civilisation, the extension of peace and commerce, the security of our bonds; and it cannot be doubted that Mexico has now a chance of rest which she sorely needed, and of paying debts which she can have no greater anxiety about than we ourselves. So far all's well—or as well as can be expected.

The second article to which we call attention is one in which the *Times* discusses the final reply of Russia to the remonstrances of the three Powers which have busied themselves with emasculate pedantries about Poland. Now the song is changed. We listen to an equally charming and convincing strain; but it should not have been sung in the same day with the other—they are so discordant. But then, Russia and Mexico are such different countries—or, rather, we ought to have said, such different Powers—that they cannot be dealt with in the same way, as we shall see.

Russia is a "civilised State;" or, if that should be disputed, let us say she is as civilised as Mexico. She, too, has obligations incumbent upon her in that capacity; and these

obligations have lately been pointed out to her by insurrection, by diplomacy, and by what is called the moral sense of Europe. One of them is, that she should not so misgovern her people as to constitute them a source of danger and disturbance to the rest of the world. Now, the inconvenience of Polish rebellion is certainly as great as was ever caused in Europe by Mexican anarchy, and will set off against it. We then have the obligation of debt on the one hand, and the obligation not to treat an insurgent people like a gang of wolves on the other. Surely that is incumbent on a civilised State too; and thus what we now come to is that, if it be right to dispel Mexican anarchy and poverty by force of arms, it is also right to rebuke the more mischievous blunders and tyrannies of Russia in the same way. Nobody doubts that the rapid succession of Governments with no principle and no money which vexed the one State formed a great public scandal that called aloud for remedy; but the atrocities of Russian Generals in Poland, the spectacle of a nation consumed and consuming away in a vain endeavour to get free—like a wild bird which beats itself to death against the bars of a cage, the proprietor ferociously "poking it up" meanwhile—is a scandalous spectacle too, and one which demands interference as much as anything of the kind well can. But in this case the *Times*—which is public opinion—has not a word to say about teaching by force of arms the obligations incumbent upon all civilised States. Now, when Mexico was remonstrated with she always *promised* amendment at least. Russia has ceased to do that. She no longer stoops to borrow for her obstinacy the grace of fair promises. Her answer to the intervention of England, France, and Austria is just what the *Times* describes it to be—"a slap on the face, and nothing else:"—and with that the



THE IRON-CLAD SCREW-FRIGATE NORTHUMBERLAND, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION BY THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS AND SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY.

affair must end. For, in fact, there is so much "difficulty in defining the limits of interference." "The three Powers know neither what they are asking, nor whom they are asking it for, nor what is the country they are talking about." Of course, our Ministers "have a right and duty to remonstrate against acts of barbarism and cruelty which are a dishonour to a civilised Government, and which disgrace the age in which they are committed;" but, that statement having been made, the *Times* can only conclude with a paragraph which, though rather dark and uncertain, as an oracle should be, declares it "Utopianism unworthy of the Foreign Secretary of a European State" to make proposals which could only revive an obsolete state of things (the 1815 state of things), and "introduce disturbances which could find no satisfactory end except by a European war."

Very good. Again we have to say—this time dismally—that we have no objection to make against all that. "Utopianism" is not our word, but our readers know our opinion on the matter—namely, that only a doubtful good, with an incalculable amount of positive disaster, would come of our endeavouring to establish an independent Poland, or to thrash the Russians into a more constitutional frame of mind. That, we think, is as capable of demonstration as anything in the ordinary course of human affairs. To set all Europe on fire that the Poles may eat political roast pig would be bad economy; especially as, when all was done, they would probably find the pig a cinder. This is a hard, coarse saying, but we abide by it.

However, we have already given our reasons for non-intervention by force of arms *there*, and need not repeat them. Ours is the common opinion; also we share the common view favourable to armed intervention in Mexico—which does not mean armed occupation, though. But the affairs of Russia being disposed of in one way, and the affairs of Mexico in another, a little difficulty appears which puts to shame all our "philosophy of politics" if that philosophy starts, as it ought to do, from high, immaculate principle. The principle is, that justice should be done though the heavens fall. The fact is that, Mexico being weak and not likely to give much trouble, we set an expedition on foot to teach her by force of arms the obligations incumbent on all civilised States; while Russia, being strong, and some other difficulties threatening us with certain bad consequences apart from the question at issue, we allow her to deal with her obligations as she pleases. Now, there does not appear to be much "principle" in such a course of politics as that—unless it be selfishness, which, of course, is intolerable as a principle. In fact, there is nothing in it but expediency, a thing detested by moralists and denounced by all proper philosophers. And yet there it is, irremovable from the world's affairs. That is what we are obliged to come to—to confess, even to maintain. When the other thing is introduced, we see what comes of it at present—"a slap in the face, and nothing else." Even the French Emperor, whose reproach it is that he is too ready to go to war for an idea, abandons his idea and takes to expediency as soon as the war appears at all hazardous. As for Earl Russell, the slap will be sure to tell on him, happily. He is not likely soon again to bark on principle till expediency allow him to bite; and we devoutly hope he will never do so. At any rate, one thing or the other. The three Powers now present a spectacle of humiliation which is not homage to virtue even; and we trust England will have no part in such mockery again.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND IRON-CLAD FRIGATE.

THE Northumberland iron-clad screw-frigate, to carry 50 guns, and now in course of construction at Millwall, on the Thames, is one of the new class of war-vessels known as the "improved Warriors." These ships are about 500 tons larger and some 20 ft. less in length than that well-known first instalment towards the reconstruction of the British Navy. At present this improved class of "ironclads" comprises, in addition to the Northumberland, the Achilles, Hector, Valiant, Agincourt, and Minotaur, the armoured plates of all which are to be 6½ in. in thickness, being an increase of 1 in. upon the plating of the Warrior.

The time occupied in building the Northumberland has greatly exceeded the limits stipulated with Messrs. C. J. Mare and Co., the original contractors; and this delay may have contributed to the Admiralty strictures on the private building-yards, so frequently under discussion during the recent Session. The Northumberland is now, however, progressing more favourably in the hands of the Millwall Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, the successors of Messrs. Mare and Co.

IRON STREETS.—A project has been broached in New York for paving the streets with iron and conducting the traffic by steam-carriages moving on these iron floors. It is urged that the saving to clothing, furniture, and goods from damage by dust and mud would be enormous; that the resistance on clean iron floors would be small, the wear on carriages slight, and the noise but trifling in comparison with what it is at present. Shoes, it is represented, would wear much longer on iron side-walks than on stone.

THE ITALIAN NAVY.—The *Opinione* of Turin states that "the Navy Department of the kingdom of Italy has fixed the number and nature of the vessels to be built for the Italian fleet as follows:—24 first-class iron-clad frigates, 6 gun-boats ditto, 6 batteries ditto, 12 corvettes, 12 gun-boats, 15 advice-boats, 14 transport-ships, and 9 steam-tugs, all built of wood. Besides these, which are to be model vessels, a second-class iron-clad frigate and two other wooden ones, fast sailers, are to be constructed exceptionally; the whole to be completed in the course of ten years. The Italian fleet will thus number 118 vessels, instead of 83, as at present."

THE ALABAMA.—Captain Gandy, of the British ship *Havelock*, from Bombay, makes the following report with reference to the Confederate steamer *Alabama*:—"On the night of the 25th of July, 1863, a screw-steamer under steam, brig rigged, passed the *Havelock*, steering eastward. On the morning of the 26th of July, in lat. 33-33 S., long. 17-9 E., observed a screw-steamer, under sail, rigged as a three-masted schooner; when near enough could distinguish the American ensign flying; did not hoist our ensign. During Divine service on board the *Havelock* a report of a gun was heard, which alarmed us, when a shot fell across our bow. We then observed the Confederate flag flying on board the steamer. The *Havelock* was immediately hoisted. We were then visited by a boat from the steamer with an officer, who told us the steamer was the Confederate steamer *Alabama*, and he represented himself to be Lieutenant Evans. He also told us they had on board twenty-two men and two American Consuls which they would like us to take on board. Lieutenant Evans was then informed there was no room on board the *Havelock* for them. In the course of conversation with Captain Gandy he said they had destroyed upwards of seventy American vessels during the last nine months, and that the steamer which passed the *Havelock* on the night previous was the Confederate steamer *Georgia*, proceeding eastward. The *Alabama* supplied a British ship with two compasses on the 24th of July."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

An unusual sensation was created in Paris on Tuesday by the publication in the *Moniteur* of an important State paper addressed by the National Government of Poland to Prince Czartoryski. This manifesto is, in fact, the official vindication by the Polish National Government of their cause and their resolves. It is an answer to every point of Prince Gortschakoff's despatches, and an announcement of the policy of unflinching resistance which Poland means to pursue. But it must be remembered that it is not technically the circular of a Government. It is the manifesto of men who are not even recognised as belligerents. Therefore it could not but create surprise when the official organ of the Emperor published such a document. The Bourse was sensibly affected at once, and the Paris papers eagerly discussed the meaning of the fact. No one doubts that it has a meaning; and the friends of Poland are filled with the hope that it is deliberately designed as the first reply of the French Government to the despatches of Prince Gortschakoff.

ITALY.

The great military review which the King of Italy has been holding near Milan appears to have passed off with great éclat. The manoeuvres lasted three hours. The concourse of spectators was very large. The King was accompanied by the Royal Princes, and was received with great enthusiasm. Public festivities were held in Milan in honour of the occasion. These military demonstrations are believed by many to have a political significance. Some regard them as Italy's "first warning" to the Austrian occupants of Venetia.

HOLLAND.

The States General were opened on Monday by the King of Holland in person. In his speech his Majesty said that the foreign relations of Holland continued to be friendly, while the good understanding with Belgium had been strengthened by treaties recently made between the two States. He congratulated the country on its prosperity and the good state of its military forces, and informed the States that projects of law for a new criminal and civil code, for the extension of railways, for a reform of the system of taxation, and for the improvement of the Dutch colonies, would be presented to them in the course of the Session.

PRUSSIA.

The reply of the King of Prussia to the resolutions of the Congress of Frankfurt has been published. The King formally rejects the propositions of Austria and her allies, and states the conditions upon which alone he could co-operate in a scheme of federal reform. These are chiefly the complete equality of Austria and Prussia in all federal concerns, and a different organisation of the popular representative body at the federal assembly from that proposed by Austria.

The *Frankfort Journal* gives the programme agreed to by the committee of the Prussian Fortschritt party summed up in the following six points:—Withdrawal of the June ordinances on the press; guarantee of the Constitution by a law of Ministerial responsibility; reform of the Chamber of Lords; acknowledgment by the Government of the rights of the Chambers with respect to the Budget; reorganisation of the army in the popular sense, and with service for two years only; convocation of a German Parliament chosen by direct election.

The case of the editors of seven Berlin papers charged with having excited hatred and contempt against the authorities by publishing a declaration hostile to the Government ordinances for the regulation of the press was tried in Berlin on the 18th, when the whole of the defendants were acquitted.

AUSTRIA.

The Lower House of the Reichsrath having protested against the arrest of Deputy Rogawski, charged with acting as a member of a Polish insurrectionary committee, as an infringement of members' privileges, he has been set at liberty.

The *Presse* of the 18th dwells upon the arrogance of Russia, and declares that the only dignified and efficacious means of arriving at a solution would be to occupy Poland in the name of Europe. The responsibility of the Powers, it says, will otherwise be great.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

Notwithstanding the concessions made by Denmark, and despite all the attempts at mediation, the Germanic Diet has resolved that "federal execution"—that is, the military occupation of Holstein—shall be resorted to, to coerce Denmark to cede the conditions with respect to that duchy demanded by the Diet. A defensive alliance between Sweden and Denmark has been all but settled, and a war between those Powers and Germany must be the result if the Federal Diet carries out its resolution.

MEXICO.

Mexican advices received at Havannah state that the French had occupied Tampico, and that General Ortega was fortifying Guadaluajara. Miramon had given in his adhesion to the new Emperor, and it is said that General Forey had made him commander of the Mexican forces. The Federal and Central American Ministers had declined to acknowledge the new Government, and it is said that the representatives of all the South American republics had urged Juarez to form an alliance with them to resist European encroachments. The Washington Government had been invited to send a delegate to co-operate in the movement.

The *Europe* of Frankfurt asserts that the Archduke Maximilian has definitively accepted the crown of Mexico, at all risks, and to the renunciation of all his rights and prerogatives as the nearest collateral Prince to the Austrian throne.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

Our advices from New York are to the 12th instant.

Mr. Charles Sumner, chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, had delivered a long address at the Cooper Institute on the Foreign Affairs of the Republic. He denounced the conduct of the British Government in permitting the building of war-steamer in British ports for the Confederates, and recognising on the part of the South any belligerent rights upon the ocean. He disbelieved that either France or England would intervene in favour of a State that based itself upon negro slavery, and asserted that all intervention in the internal affairs of another nation was contrary to law and reason, unless such intervention were obviously on the side of human rights. The audience was one of the most numerous that ever assembled in New York, but was chiefly composed of ladies and clergymen.

The two branches of the democracy in New York, known as the Tammany and Mozart parties, had coalesced. Governor Seymour, in a speech made at the convention of the United Democracy, said of the conscription that New York had given voluntarily upwards of 135,000 men for the war; but he ventured to predict that the Government would not get 6000 men under the infliction of the draft. In conclusion, he declared that under no circumstances would he consent to the dissolution of the Union, and he was convinced that it would be ultimately restored with the rights of the States unimpaired.

The agitation on the subject of the election of President was commencing, and, though no formal nominations had yet been made, it was believed that Mr. Lincoln would be proposed by the Republicans for re-election, and that, if backed by the whole influence of the Government, it was probable that he would be chosen.

The troops were being removed from New York, a great portion of them being sent to reinforce the army of the Potomac. Some soldiers belonging to a New Jersey regiment had attempted to desert, and were fired upon and several men killed by a Vermont corps. The next morning a mutiny broke out in the Jersey regiment, which was again fired upon and some more lives sacrificed.

WAR NEWS.

General Burnside and General Rosecranz had officially reported to General Halleck their occupation of Chattanooga and Cumberland Gap, which had been evacuated by the Confederates. It is stated that General Burnside with his despatch tendered to the Government his resignation of the command of the department of the Ohio, which, it appears, he has long meditated. General Rosecranz, in his official report, published on the 9th, of his operations in Tennessee, commencing with his occupation of Murfreesborough, states that his captures were 59 commissioned officers, 1579 non-commissioned officers and privates, three rifled siege-guns, many small arms, 89 tents, 89 flags, and 3500 sacks of corn and meal; and that his total losses were 85 men killed, 462 wounded, and 13 missing.

It was reported from Washington, on the authority of well-informed military men, that General Lee had received heavy reinforcements, and that he meditated another aggressive campaign.

Despatches from Leavenworth, in Kansas, of the 10th inst., state that official intelligence had been received of the capture of Fort Smith, in Arkansas, by General Blunt, on the 1st inst.; also that the Confederates had evacuated Little Rock and retired to Washington, forty miles distant, which they were fortifying.

An expedition, under the command of General Banks, was being dispatched from New Orleans, it was believed, for operations in Texas.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Despatches from Charleston of the 7th to the Richmond papers announce the evacuation of Morris Island by the Confederates on the night of the 6th. The bombardment of Forts Wagner and Gregg began upon the 5th, and was continued with great fury throughout the 6th. On that day General Gilmore's sappers had reached the moat surrounding Wagner, and General Beauregard, seeing it impossible to longer hold it, ordered the evacuation of the whole of Morris Island, which was effected between the hours of eight p.m. and one a.m. of the following day with the loss of but twelve men captured. All the guns of the fort were spiked; 150 men of the garrison were killed or wounded during the bombardment. General Gilmore subsequently took possession of the abandoned positions.

Admiral Dahlgren had demanded the immediate surrender of Sumter. General Beauregard replied that if Admiral Dahlgren took and held the fort he could have it, but until then his demand was useless. At 6 p.m. on the 7th the monitors reopened fire at close range upon Sumter, which was replied to by Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. On the night of the 8th a Federal naval force attempted to capture Fort Sumter by assault, but was repulsed, with the loss of 60 in killed, wounded, drowned, and captured. Among the latter were seven officers. On another page we publish an illustration showing the state of Fort Sumter after the bombardment. A map of Charleston Harbour, published by Messrs. Bacon, exhibits very clearly the defences of the city, and shows the difficulties of the task the Federal forces have before them ere they manage to get possession of Charleston.

The Confederates are stated to have mounted at Charleston, but in what exact position was not known, two 800 pounder Blakely guns, recently arrived from England, with which they expect to do fearful execution to the monitors whenever they come within range.

The *New York Tribune* states that "the evacuation of Morris Island was solely the consequence of General Gilmore's engineering operations, Admiral Dahlgren's monitors and ironclads being for the most part spectators of the contest, and the problem of water-approach to the city is still unsolved. Matters have now reached that stage when the efficient co-operation of the Navy Department seems to be indispensable to future progress. It is necessary also that it should be prompt. Every day's delay but strengthens the defences of Charleston and increases the obstruction to its approach by land and by water both. The army has done more than its share, and it now remains for the naval force to do its portion of the work to render the reduction of the city certain."

A letter from Morris Island states that General Gilmore had thirty Parrott guns in position for shelling Charleston, and was only awaiting the arrival of "Greek fire" shells which are ignited by fuses, instead of the percussion principle, to open fire. It adds that the reason the previous bombardment was discontinued was because the shells then used almost invariably struck upon the base instead of the percussion end, and consequently failed to explode.

RUSSIAN DESPATCH ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

THE following is the text of Prince Gortschakoff's reply to Earl Russell's last despatch on the Polish question. The same despatch, with but slight variations, has also been delivered to the Governments of France and Austria in answer to their latest remonstrances as to the state of affairs in Poland:—

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF TO BARON BRUNNOW.

Tsarkoe-Seio, Aug. 26 (Sept. 7), 1863.
Lord Napier has, by order of his Government, communicated to me a despatch from Lord Russell, of which your Excellency will find a copy hereto annexed. It is an answer to my despatch of the 1st (13th) July last, which you were invited to communicate to the Principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty. The overtures which we had set forth in that document were dictated to us by the desire to arrive at an understanding. In receiving the observations which they have suggested to Lord Russell with the attention which we always pay to the opinions of her Britannic Majesty's Government, we cannot but regret that we must come to the conclusion that we have not attained the end which we had proposed to ourselves. From the moment that this discussion could only end in establishing and in confirming the divergence of our views, it would be too contrary to our conciliatory disposition for us to seek to prolong it; and we believe that in this we are not acting at variance with the sentiments of the principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty. We prefer to fix our attention only upon the essential points of his despatches, upon which we find ourselves agreed, at least in intention. Her Britannic Majesty's Government desires to see promptly re-established in the kingdom of Poland a state of things which shall restore tranquillity to that country, repose to Europe, and security to the relations of the Cabinets. We entirely share in this desire, and all that can depend upon us shall be done to realise it. Our august master continues to be animated by the most benevolent intentions towards Poland and by the most conciliatory ones towards all foreign Powers. To provide for the welfare of his subjects of all races and of every religious conviction is an obligation which his Imperial Majesty has accepted before God, his conscience, and his people. The Emperor devotes all his solicitude to the fulfilment of that obligation. As regards the responsibility which may be assumed by his Majesty in his international relations, those relations are regulated by public right. The violation of those fundamental principles can alone involve responsibility. Our august master has constantly respected and observed those principles with regard to other States. His Majesty has the right to expect and to claim the same respect on the part of the other Powers. You will be pleased to read and give a copy of this despatch to the principal Secretary of State of her Britannic Majesty, Revisé, &c.

The French and Austrian journals regard the Russian reply as exceedingly unsatisfactory, and even as "politely insolent."

THE FINLAND DIET.—The Diet of Finland, opened by the Emperor of Russia on the 18th inst., will consist of about 300 Deputies, though all the members have not yet taken their places, and that the Peasants' House will be composed of about 50 members, the Citizens' of 40, and that of the clergy of 30. It is probable that 180 nobles will take their place in the Knights' House. A great number of the latter will probably be represented by persons accredited by the nobles; but the Russian Government appeared to think it of some importance that those nobles who are in the Imperial service should attend in person, and facilities have been afforded them to do so. The many leading articles in the whole of the independent press of Finland show that great expectations have been long cherished as to the new constitutional era which is about to dawn upon the country. The official censor has not only offered no hindrances to the dissemination of these journals, but the Government has permitted new ones of decided liberal tendency to appear. One of these journals urgently demands the introduction of a constitutional system, and points out England, Belgium, and Norway as patterns to be imitated. The journal in question indicates that the next demands to be made upon the Government should be periodical diets, the initiative of measures by the States, complete control of the finances, responsibility of the advisers of the Crown, abolition of the censorship, the issue of paper money, and such an alteration as will enable the Finnish ships to sail under their own flag, and the Finnish soldiers to have the privilege of defending their own country. The journal concludes by stating that these reforms "are indispensably necessary in order that the freedom of the people may be developed without affecting the prerogative of the Government."

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD ELLICE, M.P.

THE Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P. for Coventry, died suddenly at Ardcroby on the 17th inst.

Mr. Ellice had long retired from official life, and had not been ostensibly engaged in Ministerial struggles for the last thirty years.

Edward Ellice was born in 1787, and was the son of Mr. Alexander Ellice, a merchant in the City. Edward Ellice had for some time a connection with trade, and had a considerable share in the Hudson's Bay Company, besides being a proprietor in Canadian and West Indian lands. In 1818, at the general election, he stood for Coventry in the Whig interest, and after several days' polling was returned with Mr. Peter Moore. In 1820, at the general election, Mr. Ellice was again returned.

In Parliament Mr. Ellice obtained a conspicuous position, not by eloquence but by tact, business habits, and shrewdness. His first speech (Feb. 3, 1819) was on the Bank Restriction Continuance Bill, when he opposed Lord Castlereagh. His speeches, which were numerous but not lengthy, were chiefly confined to monetary matters, such as the Cash Payments Bill, which he vehemently though unsuccessfully opposed. Mr. Ellice's object was to guard against the sudden reduction of the currency by means of the repayment of the Bank advances; and he also desired to make the Bank and the Government independent of each other.

In 1826 Mr. Ellice's popularity underwent a sudden change. He had been the great friend of Lord Byron, and to him the poet applied for advice as to whether he should settle in South America, under Bolivar, or not. This was in 1822. Then there was the Greek loan, in which Messrs. Ellice, J. C. Hobhouse, and Joseph Hume, Sir F. Burdett, Lord Cochrane, and Dr. Bowring were concerned. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Ellice was subjected to very unpleasant accusations on this matter. Some stray expressions which Mr. Ellice was supposed to have uttered in the House as to the question of wages and as to the conduct of the weavers in regard to liquor aroused the angry passions of the electors, and in 1826, at the general election, he could not even obtain a hearing, and the upshot of the matter was that Mr. Ellice was turned out. In 1830 Mr. Ellice was returned again for Coventry, and sat for that borough up to the time of his death. He has, however, been subject to several contests.

In 1830 Mr. Ellice was made Patronage Secretary of the Treasury. In 1833 he was appointed Secretary for War, and was admitted into the Cabinet after the secession of Mr. Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, Sir J. Graham, and Lord Ripon. As a Minister, Mr. Ellice did not obtain any wide amount of popularity. He produced his army estimates, and, in spite of the opposition of his friend, Mr. Joseph Hume, carried them through the House, with the approval of Sir Henry Hardinge, who sat on the front Opposition bench. The only excitement he caused was about his speech on the Irish Tithe Bill, which was so offensive to the Churchmen in the House and in Ireland that the Ministry were much injured by it.

For thirty years Mr. Ellice had been out of office. During this time he did the greatest services to the party to which he had attached himself through good report and evil report. No one except Lord Palmerston, or Earl Russell, or Sir W. Hayter can adequately express an opinion of the merits of Mr. Ellice. He was the politician who reconciled Mr. Bright to the Whigs. In all the Ministerial crises which have occurred for the last twenty years the name of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice is sure to occur as having interviews with the chiefs of his party. It is only fair to say that his advice was always given cautiously, impartially, and with perfect candour. In fact, few men ever mixed themselves up with the inner and secret life of politics who have been more personally popular with all parties.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.—The Marquis of Huntly expired at his residence, Orton Hall, near Peterborough, on the 18th inst., in the seventy-second year of his age. The noble Marquis had been ailing for some months past, although able to take carriage exercise till within a few days of his death. The deceased, Charles Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Huntly, Enzie, and Aboyne, Viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, Lord of Gordon and Badenoch, Baron Aboyne, and Baron Gordon of Strathavon, Glenlivet and Inverness, in the Peerage of Scotland; and Baron Meldrum of Morven, in the county of Aberdeen, in that of the United Kingdom; Premier Marquis of Scotland and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, was born on the 4th of January, 1792, and succeeded on the 17th of June, 1853; married, first, on the 1st of March, 1826, Lady Elizabeth Henrietta Conyngham, eldest daughter of Henry, first Marquis Conyngham, born the 20th of February, 1799, died the 24th of August, 1839; and, secondly, on the 9th of April, 1844, Mary Antoinette, only surviving daughter of the Rev. William Pegus, by Charlotte Susanna Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Lindsey. The Marquis of Huntly leaves a family of eleven children. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his son Charles, Earl of Aboyne, who was born on the 5th of March, 1847, and is now consequently in his seventeenth year.

REAR-ADMIRAL WASHINGTON.—Rear-Admiral John Washington, late hydrographer to the British Admiralty, died at Havre, on Wednesday, the 17th inst. He entered the Navy on May 15, 1812, as a first-class volunteer on board the Junon, of 46 guns, Captain James Sanders, fitting for the North American station, where he took part in many operations in the river Chesapeake, assisted in making prizes of several of the enemy's vessels, and contributed to the complete destruction of fifteen gun-boats that had been dispatched for the express purpose of capturing the Junon, after an action of three hours, fought on June 29, 1813. On the retirement of Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, in 1855, he was elevated to the responsible office of hydrographer to the Admiralty, and subsequently attained the rank of Rear-Admiral. He was a member of various learned societies, and is the author of many papers of a scientific and useful character.

PROFESSOR COCKERELL, R.A.—This gentleman, who died on Thursday week, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, spent many years of his early life in study among the existing remains of classic architecture in Asia Minor, Sicily, Rome, Pompeii, and elsewhere. In 1829 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, in 1836 he attained the honour of a Royal Academician, and in 1840 he succeeded Wilkins as professor of architecture. He was elected one of the eight *associés étrangers* of the Academy of the Institute of France in 1841, and one of the ten "members of merit" of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, in 1843. Mr. Cockerell was created an honorary D.C.L. of the University of Oxford in 1845, and in 1848 he was the first to receive the gold medal of the Institute of British Architects. The deceased gentleman was an agreeable companion, kind and friendly to younger members of his profession, and honourable and high-minded in all his dealings. He has left a widow and family to lament his loss.

ALFRED DE VIGNY.—Alfred Victor, Count de Vigny, whose death has been telegraphed from Paris, was one of the most conspicuous writers of his day, whether as novelist, poet, dramatist, or feuilletonist. He was born at Leches, March 27, 1799. His father distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and his mother was the daughter of Admiral the Marquis de Baraudin, and cousin of the Baron de Bougainville, the adventurous navigator, who went on the track of the unfortunate La Peyronne. Young de Vigny was sent from his mother's house in the Faubourg St. Honoré to the school of a M. Hix. Here he caught the French infection of "glory," and he and his schoolfellows were passionately enamoured of a military career. Mr. Hix said that if he persevered in his military ardour he would die a Marshal of France. His mother in vain tried to wean him of his military passion by withdrawing him from school. In 1816 he entered the service in the regiment of the Red Mousquetaires of the Royal household. During the Hundred Days he was with Louis XVIII. at Ghent. He served in the Royal Guard and in a regiment of the line for some years. In 1823, as Captain of the 55th Regiment, he made the Spanish campaign. In 1825 he resigned his commission. From the age of sixteen young de Vigny aspired to the reputation of a poet. So far back as 1815 we find him indulging in a Theocritean strain—in his "Dryade et Symète." In 1822 he published a volume of poems, including "Helena," "La Sonnambula," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Between 1824 and 1826 he produced several poems on ancient and modern subjects, as "The Deluge," "Moses," "The Trappist," &c. In 1826 appeared "Cinq Mars," which at once gained de Vigny a very high reputation. It passed through four editions in three years, and is now one of the most popular works in the whole range of French literature. "Othello" was first acted in 1829, but its success was not unequivocal. In the following year appeared "La Marchale d'Amore," which had hardly a "clear stage," owing to the troubled nature of the times. In 1832 de Vigny produced "Stello," and three years later he brought out "Chatterton," originally a part of "Stello." "Chatterton" made a great noise in Parisian circles. Its truthfulness and its morality were warmly disputed, but the eloquence of its style and the talent of Madame d'Orval triumphed. "Chatterton" was revived in 1857. In 1841 he wrote a letter on literary property, which made some stir. In 1843 he published "Philosophical Poems," "Savage," "The Death of Wolfe," &c. In 1845 Alfred de Vigny was received into the Academy in the room of Etienne. In 1853 (May 1) he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and June 14, 1856, was appointed an officer of that order.

JACOB GRIMM.—This celebrated German writer, who, in conjunction with his late brother Wilhelm, has been so long well known, not only in Germany but throughout all Europe, died on Sunday evening last, at Berlin, after a short illness. He was born on Jan. 4, 1785, and had therefore reached his seventy-ninth year. Although he sought comparative retirement after the death of his brother, he was indefatigable up to his last moment in carrying out the objects to which he had devoted his long and useful life; and, with patriotic self-devotion, his last hours were spent, not in earning new fame by the continuation of those works which were so peculiarly his own but in the preparation of his great German dictionary.

THE NEW PLEASURE-YACHT BUILT FOR THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE pleasure-yacht represented in our Engraving, lately built for the Empress of the French, and named the *Puebla*, has just made her first journey from the Vauban basin to Asnières, where it was received by M. Dupuy de Lôme, chief engineer of the marine service. It was under the command of M. Lefebvre, the Captain of a frigate, who was accompanied by M. Sandfort, of the house of Mazeline, in whose workshops the vessel was constructed from the plans of M. Dupuy de Lôme, and under the direction of M. Lelaider.

All the principal inhabitants of Havre—including, of course, the shipbuilders—were assembled on the jetty to see her pass, which she did at about midday, at the rate of about eight knots an hour. At about seven o'clock she arrived at Rouen.

The engine, which is of 10-horse power, was manufactured by M. Cody, principal engineer of works, who has succeeded in making machinery artistic by his adoption of graceful curved lines in its construction, without deteriorating the solidity of the workmanship.

The hull of the yacht is formed of thin metal plates, and is about 35 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. An opening, contrived in the deck and protected by a metal balustrade, leaves exposed the boiler and the engine, which rests upon a foundation of metal plates. Below the deck there is nothing but the rudder fastenings, the coal-stores, and a couple of beds for the seamen. The awning of the deck is supported by brass rods; the deck itself is provided with several ottomans and seats, very elegantly fitted. The whole of the awning and the decorations of the yacht are of acacia-wood, green and rose colour; and the details are carried out with such skill as to secure great simplicity of style and at the same time the most effectual ornament which could be introduced.

HERNE'S OAK.

As our readers are aware, the tree known as Herne's Oak, in Windsor Forest, was recently blown down. We this week publish an Engraving of the tree as it lay after the storm which laid it low. The desire to possess portions of this relic, made famous in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," was so great that a guard had to be placed over it night and day, in order to prevent its being carried off in fragments as memorials. The tree now awaits the disposal of her Majesty.

The tree of "Herne the Hunter," has not escaped the usual fate of all memorials of the past, and of nearly everything connected with the life and writings of Shakespeare; and, accordingly, a warm controversy has arisen as to whether the tree usually known as "Herne's Oak," is really Herne's Oak or not. On this subject we reprint, from *Once a Week*, the following communication from Mr. Edward Jesse:—

"In giving this account, the first thing is to prove that the tree in question was the real Herne's Oak of Shakespeare. In my 'Gleanings in Natural History,' published in the year 1834, I endeavoured to do this; but, in consequence of what I had alleged as to the identity of the tree, I was attacked in various publications on this subject, and amongst others, by the *Quarterly Review*, in a notice on Loudon's 'Arboretum.' In consequence of this, I defended my previous opinion in the best manner I was able, in a letter inserted in the *Times* newspaper, a few extracts from which I now propose giving. The attack on me in the *Quarterly* was as follows:—

Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we were surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting an apocryphal story about Herne's Oak, given in the lively pages of Mr. Jesse's 'Gleanings.' That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning, by order of King George III., when in a state of great but transient excitement. The circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at this time, and was commented on in the newspapers. The oak which Mr. Jesse would decorate with Shakespearean honours stands at a considerable distance from the real Simon Pure. Every old woman in Windsor knows all about the facts.

"There is no occasion to dwell on the spirit of contradiction and flippancy in which this passage was written; but I will proceed to facts.

"That a tree was cut down near the castle in consequence of a dispute the King had with his son, afterwards George IV., cannot be doubted. Sir Herbert Taylor informed me that he heard the order given, but he assured me that the tree so felled was an *elm*. Indeed, the whole character of George III. would of itself be a sufficient guarantee that Herne's Oak was not cut down by his order. He always took a pride and pleasure in pointing it out to his attendants whenever he passed near it, and that tree was the one whose identity I am now advocating. It may also be doubted whether any Monarch would venture to incur the odium and unpopularity of felling such a tree as Herne's Oak.

"To set the matter at rest, however, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak by the late Mr. Ingall, the highly respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He stated that he was appointed to that situation in the year 1798. On receiving his appointment he was directed to attend upon the King at the castle, and on arriving there he found his Majesty, as he said, with 'the old Lord Winchelsea.' After a little delay, the King set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchelsea, and Mr. Ingall was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him until the King stopped opposite an oak-tree. He then turned to Mr. Ingall, and said:—

I brought you here to point out this tree to you. I commit it to your special charge, and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. This is Herne's Oak.

"Mr. Ingall added that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and it is the same I have referred to and given a sketch of in my 'Gleanings in Natural History.'

"Having stated the above decisive fact, I may remark that George III. was perfectly incapable of the duplicity of having pointed out a tree to Mr. Ingall as Herne's Oak if he had previously ordered the real Herne's Oak—the 'Simon Pure'—to be cut down. I have also the authority of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cambridge for stating that George III. always mentioned the tree lately blown down as Herne's Oak.

"I might mention many other arguments in favour of the identity of the tree in question, but I will only add that Mr. Charles Davis, the present well-known and much-respected huntsman of her Majesty's hounds, assured me that he had heard the King assert that he had not cut down Herne's Oak, and that he repeated the assertion when his mind was in a perfectly healthy state.

"In order that the tree might be readily recognised by strangers I had the following quotation placed upon it:—

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about this oak.

"I have been assured that after the inscription had been placed on the tree some females, who had been in the habit of passing between Windsor and Datchet through the park at night, have been alarmed with the fear of meeting 'Herne the Hunter.' If this was so, it curiously shows the fact that superstition holds the same sway in this neighbourhood as it did when Shakespeare made Mr. Page say:—

there want not many that do fear,
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.

"I may mention, as an interesting circumstance, in conclusion, what took place when the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of

Prussia assembled at Windsor Castle to celebrate the christening of our Prince of Wales. The Queen invited these Potentates to walk in her grounds; but some of their attendants remained at the castle. Instead of viewing the objects in it, the celebrated Baron Humboldt inquired his way to Herne's Oak. This was the first object of his attention and curiosity, and probably of his veneration. The splendour of the castle, its pictures, the noble scenery which is to be seen from it, and the many historical facts connected with it, were objects of inferior interest compared with the shattered trunk of an oak, 'dry and dead,' yet rich with recollections of the genius of our immortal Shakespeare. On arriving at the interesting relic, the Baron gazed upon it in silence, and at last gathered a leaf from the ivy which clung to the decaying trunk, and deposited it in his pocket-book as a relic to carry back to his own country, to be exhibited there as one of no common interest."

THE CITY OF WARSAW.

THE recent reply of the Russian Government to the notes of the Allied Powers seems to leave little hope for Poland unless the offensive language employed should be the signal for a dispute which must end in a war.

Meanwhile, the slaughter goes on, and fresh severities are exercised against the unfortunate people who have staked everything for liberty. Warsaw is placed almost in a state of siege; shopkeepers who have not paid, or who refuse to pay, taxes to the Russian Government are compelled to close their establishments, and it is thought that, by entirely closing the capital, it may be discovered who constitute the National Government, and whether it is centralised in Warsaw or is only in communication with agents there.

This unhappy city, which, as the capital of Russian Poland, lies in the shadow of fortifications, is, with the principal part of its suburbs, inclosed by a rampart and fosse.

It stands partly on a flat and partly on the height which rises gradually from the left bank of the Vistula. In the aspect of the town itself there are, architecturally, few attractions, since much of it is ill-paved and disagreeable enough; but the squares are large and handsome, and the promenades in the vicinity are, under ordinary circumstances, the pleasantest resort for the visitor who desires to see the best of Warsaw.

The more important of the public buildings are the cathedral, the Church of the Holy Cross, distinguished principally for its great size; the Church of the Carmelites, where the league was sworn between Charles XII. of Sweden and Stanislas Leszinski; and the Lutheran Church, the architecture of which is peculiarly fine. Above the town, and on the height by the river, towers the lofty pile of the Zamek, once the Royal palace.

The Palace Krainsky is now parted off into Government offices and law courts, and the University which once occupied the Casimir Palace was suppressed long ago.

Warsaw can boast of many efficient benevolent institutions, and of extensive mills, breweries, and manufactories; but in its present condition these are of far less interest than the events of which the city is the theatre, and their connection with the entire Polish revolution.

The city of Warsaw presented a singular spectacle, indeed, in the spring of 1861, when the Russian army was encamped in the streets and squares, and the walls of the Sigismund Palace bore the marks of the bullets which had been fired during the massacre. Soldiers everywhere: crowding the barracks, patrolling the streets, mounting guard at every corner, bivouacking beneath the public monuments. Everything quiet—the quietness of profound mourning—a quietude deeply significant after that terrible massacre of the 8th of April; the Russian troops for some time refraining from fresh violence or insult; the townsfolk endeavouring to ignore the presence of the soldiers, whose brutal instincts only slumbered until they culminated in the attack in the churches, which followed soon afterwards, when Warsaw was declared to be in a state of siege.

Through everything the Poles of Warsaw maintain their nationality with a persistent determination which defies all attempts to Russianise them. The inscriptions on public buildings, the language of the Government authorities, the wording of passports, all are Polish, or, at the worst, both Polish and Russian; and the Polish notes and money are current everywhere. In all the city scarcely a lady can be seen wearing any other than the duldest colours (the national colours being forbidden, and mourning being punishable with the knout).

The Polish women are as patriotic as the men, and exclude from their society all whose national sentiments are even doubtful. They abstain altogether from dancing, and, indeed, preserve every outward mark of the grief into which so many families were plunged by the death of one or other of their members.

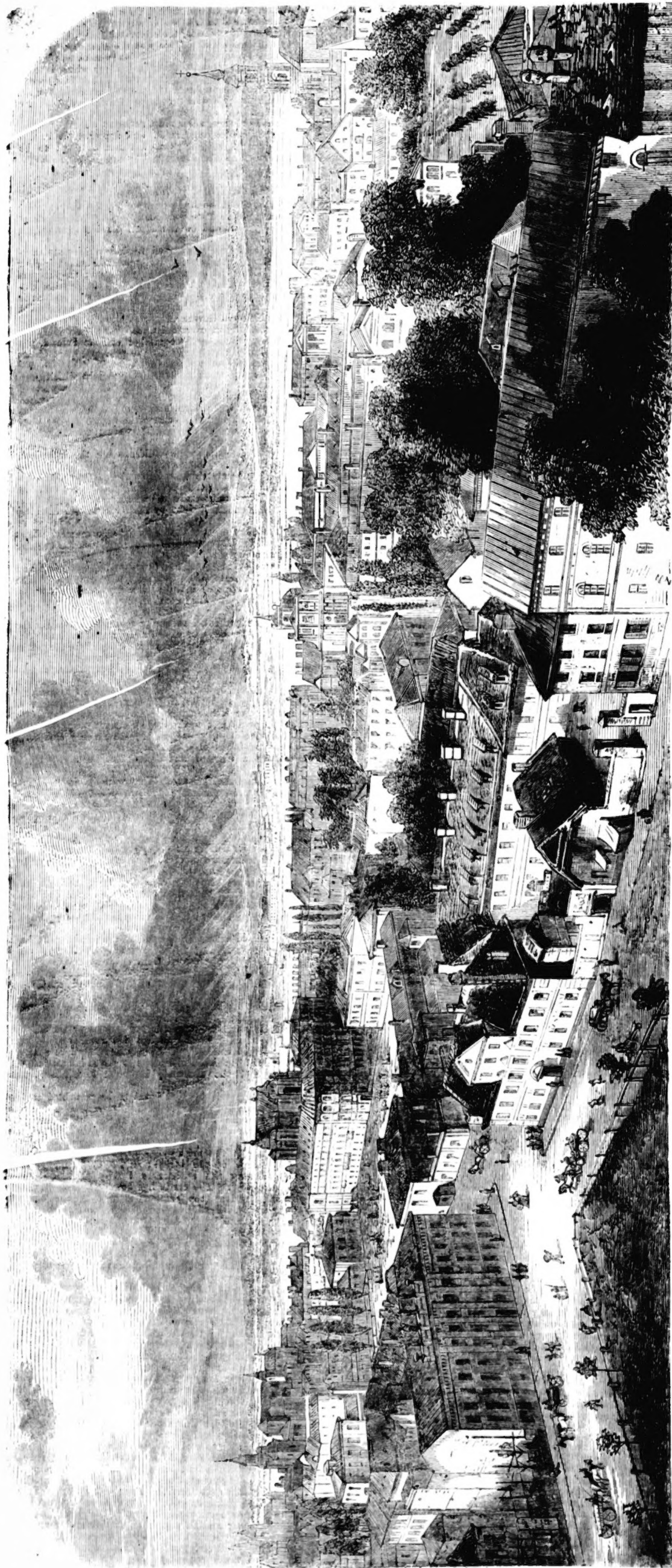
"These testimonies of sorrow on the part of the inhabitants of all Poland," says Mr. Sutherland Edwards, speaking of the first outbreak of the revolution, "proceeded from emotion, and not from calculation. The effect was not thought of. A spontaneous expression of grief and pain was called forth throughout the length and breadth of the land by the blow which had been struck at Warsaw. The Poles had no thought of impressing either foreign nations or their own foreign Government, though their unanimity of feeling did impress all Europe. I am convinced that even the singing of the National Prayer was not intended, in the first instance, as a 'demonstration.' I have often heard it sung in places where it might be thought there was no one to hear it but the Poles themselves and the Heavenly Protector to whom it was addressed."

But the national hymn is too significant to be permitted to the people, and Warsaw is overborne by military terrorism—not alone by means of the immense force in garrison there, but by that picturesque citadel which commands and could at any time destroy the city. The public gardens of Warsaw, celebrated for their beauty, are rendered hateful to the more patriotic of the inhabitants by the constant presence of the troops; some of them, indeed, being closed whenever the authorities believe that a demonstration is contemplated. The castle has become a mere barrack, and its pleasant gardens the camping-ground of the enemy. The front of the castle, indeed, overlooks the square in which the massacre took place, and in the middle of this square stands the column erected in honour of Sigismund III., by his son, Ladislas IV., bearing an inscription which tells how, in the reign of the first of these monarchs, Moscow was taken by the Poles. The two other celebrated national columns are those of Sobieski and Copernicus.

The monuments which have been erected under the Russian rule are of course of a very different character. In the square opposite the Kremlin is a group celebrating the Russian independence in the liberation of Moscow; while in the Saxon square, in the very heart of the city, is a monument to certain Polish Generals who endeavoured to prevent their soldiers joining the insurrection of Nov. 29, 1830, and who were themselves killed in consequence. Within the fortress is a statue to the Emperor Alexander I., "the benefactor of the Poles," and there are trophies on all the plains in which the battles of 1831 were fought, "whether they were won by the Russians or not." The worst of these is that of Wola, where not only has a monument been raised to commemorate a victory gained by a Government over its own insurgent subjects, but the little church where two Russian corps stormed the last position of Sowinski's feeble garrison and destroyed them by numbers, is still preserved in the condition to which it was reduced by the conquerors.

The bearing of the people of Warsaw towards their Russian rulers is no doubt sufficiently irritating, since nothing is more galling to a tyrant than a quiet contempt which will neither yield nor conciliate. Mr. Edwards says that the Poles will never speak the Russian language, so that even some Russian officers who have been a long time in Warsaw seem to think it unconvincing to speak their own language before Poles; and they commonly speak of the nation to which they have so long been subject only as "a certain Power."

Newspapers are, of course, printed in Polish, but as they are never permitted to make comments they are not generally interesting; still their place is not supplied by Russian journals. No bookseller in Warsaw will have a Russian book in his shop; and



GENERAL VIEW OF WARSAW.

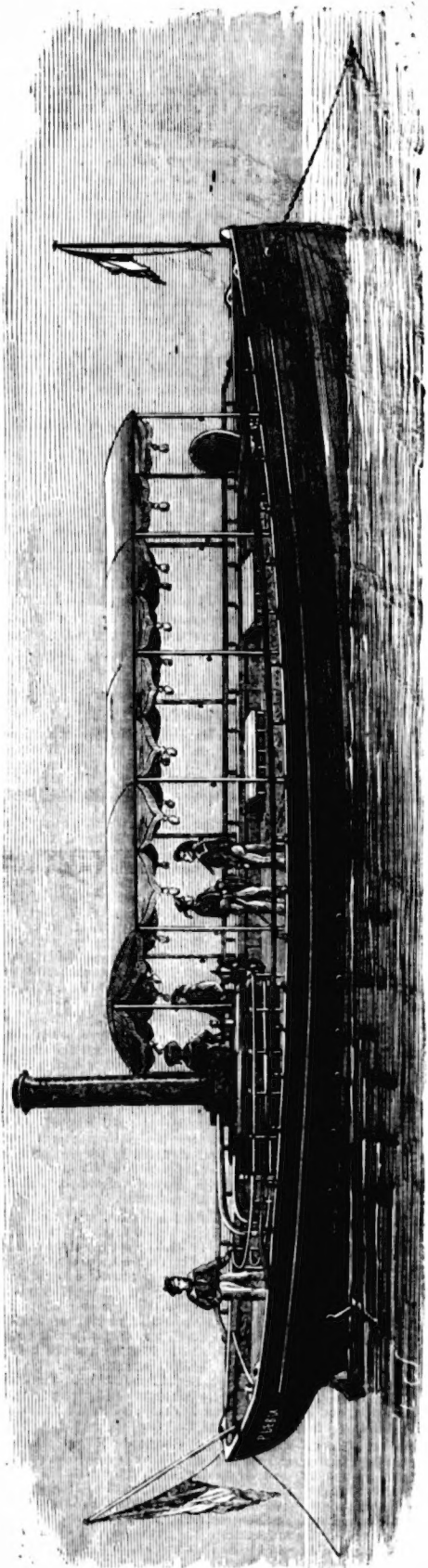
even Russian music is not to be found at the musicians'. The Russian troops were taken, and the photographs of their dead bodies were afterwards circulated throughout Poland. Our readers have already learned that the celebrated General Lelewel has been defeated and killed on the field of battle. Still, fresh leaders arise, and fresh patriots go forward against the enemy, often to certain destruction. The bands of insurgents which enter Russian territory from Galicia meet, if they pass the frontier, under evidently unfavourable circumstances, with the fate of Jordan's and Wysocki's detachments, and are beaten back forthwith. If, however, they are very determined, and are very well led—for numbers seem to have little to do with the matter, and Providence in this war has not been always on the side of the *gros bataillons*—they fight their way into the country, and then, at last, the *gros bataillons* really tell upon them. One band enters, a second band follows as soon as the first has been destroyed, while a third hesitates about supporting the second, and perhaps finds it impossible to go in at all.

An attempt to assassinate the Russian General Berg was made on Saturday. As he was driving through a suburb of Warsaw an Osini bomb was thrown from a window which killed one of the General's suite, but he himself escaped uninjured. The perpetrator managed to escape. This attempt has animated the Russian military authorities with feelings of undiscriminating revenge against all those supposed to be aiders or abettors of this dastardly act. The two palaces of the Zamoycki, in Warsaw, were allowed to be plundered by the military, and are condemned to be used henceforth as barracks. The male and female inhabitants of both palaces have been conveyed to the citadel; and the two Counts Zamoycki and Prince Lubominski are confined in chains. Several engagements between the Poles and Russians are reported, but, except in one instance (in which the Poles are said to have been successful), the result is not named. The Russians are said to be building eleven iron-plated gun-boats with turrets.

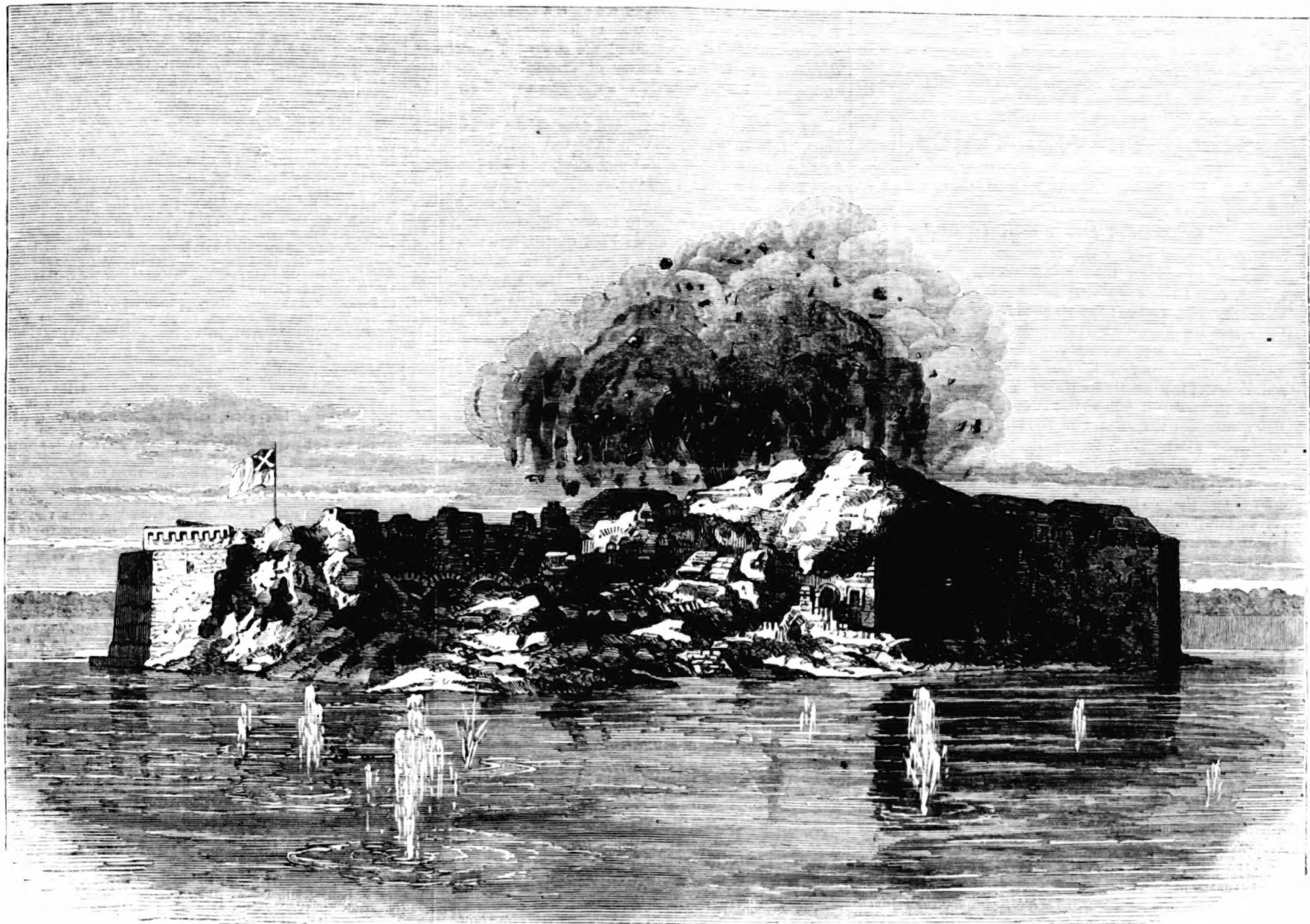
The hotels at Warsaw are vastly superior to those in the route from Breslau, which, indeed, are mostly filthy and utterly comfortable. The lower class of inns are kept by Jews, and are dirty enough; but the better sort of hotels are managed by Germans, to whom much credit is due, since, if they introduce nothing else worth having into Poland, they at least bring cleanliness with them. The Hotel de l'Europe is a magnificent building, containing finely-decorated suites of apartments, including large reception-rooms, and even ballrooms, intended originally for the country families who, though they have no town house, make Warsaw a common rendezvous. To these private apartments the five victims to the first fire of the Russian

troops were taken, and the photographs of their dead bodies were afterwards circulated throughout Poland. Our readers have already learned that the celebrated General Lelewel has been defeated and killed on the field of battle. Still, fresh leaders arise, and fresh patriots go forward against the enemy, often to certain destruction. The bands of insurgents which enter Russian territory from Galicia meet, if they pass the frontier, under evidently unfavourable circumstances, with the fate of Jordan's and Wysocki's detachments, and are beaten back forthwith. If, however, they are very determined, and are very well led—for numbers seem to have little to do with the matter, and Providence in this war has not been always on the side of the *gros bataillons*—they fight their way into the country, and then, at last, the *gros bataillons* really tell upon them. One band enters, a second band follows as soon as the first has been destroyed, while a third hesitates about supporting the second, and perhaps finds it impossible to go in at all.

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THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S NEW YACHT LA PUEBLA



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.—(SKETCHED FROM THE BEACON-HOUSE BY W. T. CRANE.)—SEE PAGE 194.



HERNE'S OAK, WINDSOR PARK.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. INGRAM.)—SEE PAGE 195.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

"IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION."

A LONG interval seldom elapses without the appearance of newspaper paragraphs bearing the heading we have above quoted, or of some denunciatory leading article in which the terms are freely applied; the terms in either case being used to express the journalistic or editorial view of the popular belief still lingering, in certain rural districts, in what was anciently termed witchcraft. Last week we had to record an illustration of this belief, exemplified in Somersetshire; in our present impression it falls to us to detail a cruel homicide in Essex, to which the ancient faith in the power of sorcery furnished the immediate incentive.

We are not disposed, in this article, to raise any question as to the law of the case last mentioned. Supposing even witchcraft to be a possible crime, punishable by statute, clearly no private individual can have the power to try the guilt of a supposed offender or to administer punishment. Our present difference is not with the poor country-folk who "duck a witch," but with those of our enlightened friends who are so ready on such occasions with their set phrase of "ignorance and superstition."

Ignorance is, of course, want of education. Superstition is the belief in supernatural or occult agencies, not recognised by the religion or science of the land. The faults of ignorance are those which are committed for want of teaching. Those of superstition are consequent upon erroneous doctrine administered by false teaching. Yet a belief in witchcraft is held to be ignorant and superstitious. It is this matter upon which we wish to assist our readers to come to a clear understanding.

The law of England, up to the last century, punished witchcraft as a capital offence. King James I. wrote a treatise on the subject, in which he expressly recommended "ducking" as a test for suspected witches. He gave even a reason, of a kind, for the process; for he said that as these persons had renounced baptism by water, so water, in its turn, rejected them. Of course no one now attaches any importance to this poor drivelling King's logic; but, nevertheless, it had its power in its day, a power not dependent upon its value, but making itself felt by persecutions throughout the land.

Need we refer, for authority in witches, to Shakspeare's three witches in "Macbeth," to the "foul witch Sycorax," in "The Tempest," or to the enchantment scene in Milton's "Comus"? These, it may be said, are but fanciful and poetical. True; but, nevertheless, they exemplify a popular idea, let them under this aspect be worth what they may. Burton, of "Anatomy-of-Melancholy" fame, was scarcely a writer of fiction. He has much to say in a chapter on this subject. He tells of witches who "can cause tempests, storms, which are familiarly practised in Norway, Iceland, as I have proved." He quotes as believers in witchcraft a long list of theologians, lawyers, divines, philosophers, and physicians, among the last named being Cardan and Paracelsus.

To come down to more modern times. See the great textbook of English law, the Commentaries of Blackstone. "Todeney the possibility, nay, actual existence, of witchcraft and sorcery is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God." Addison, in the *Spectator* (No. 117), "cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits which we express by the name of witchcraft. I believe, in general, there is and has been such a thing; but, at the same time, can give no credit to any particular instance of it." Hear Dr. Johnson: "You must take evidence, you must consider that wise and great men have condemned witches to die." Said Mr. Lawyer Crosbie: "But an Act of Parliament put an end to witchcraft." "No, Sir, witchcraft had ceased, and therefore an Act of Parliament was passed to put an end to persecution for what was not witchcraft."

We do not care to quote small names. We have given Shakspeare, Burton, Milton, Cardan, Paracelsus, Blackstone, Johnson, Addison, and English law itself to within a century. Now, it is true, different ideas prevail. The creed in witchcraft has been undermined, and has left only here and there a modern mark of its existence. We do not pretend to defend it remains, we only seek to account for them. No wonder, truly, that such should yet linger in Essex, the native county of Matthew Hopkins, the infamous witch-finding impostor, who in one year, in that county alone, brought sixty poor wretches to execution for this "crime." Essex is the centre of Puritanism now, as it has been from the days of James I. The dialect of Essex is that of the Yankees, with the true nasal intonation of the Roundheads of the great Civil War. At Essex, in New England, the descendants of our own Essex Puritans executed folks for witchcraft even in the reign of William and Mary. The traditions of a county linger long; but that which has been taught by the Church, enforced by Royalty, carried into practice by Law, and justified by the literature and science of a country for ages, can only be confounded with ignorance and superstition by the superficial and the unlearned. How long can we, even the most learned of us, trace a disbelief in witch-

craft? In what book or books, by what demonstration or argument, has the creed been proved to be a mere superstition? It is not ignorance which leaves our Bæotians in Essex and Somerset in the full credence of the powers of malevolent sorcerers. It is an education of ancient date, however erroneous; but nevertheless an education based upon instruction and authority, and therefore by no means to be confounded with the aberrations of the uninformed mind. If it be wrong, it ought to be met and counteracted by a teaching stronger, more enlightened, and more enduring than that which made it popular.

But the subject suggests a sad reflection. If one, two, or even three centuries do not suffice to explode the precepts of such secular authorities as those we have quoted, with what hope can any of us look forward to merit the approbation or even to escape the derision of posterity? Perhaps only three centuries more, and our most cherished ideas of political economy, science, and legislature yet lingering in pastoral districts, may produce results to be recorded by the paragonist of the future under the heading prefixed to this article.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL is daily expected. Great preparations are being made for national rejoicings upon the occasion. MARQUIS WIELOPOLSKI intends to take up his abode for some time in Berlin. He has taken a private dwelling in the neighbourhood of Thiergarten.

BARON RICASOLI, late Prime Minister of Italy, is said to be about to marry a rich English lady.

SIR DAVID BAXTER has funded £3000 for the purpose of establishing two scholarships in the University of Edinburgh, of the value of £60 each per annum.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has declined to accede to the prayer of a memorial forwarded to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury requesting him to close the London theatres during Passion Week.

LORD ST. VINCENT gave Osborne, who rode Lord Clifden, the winner of the St. Leger, a thousand pounds, and the same sum to Edwin Parr, the trainer.

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL "PLACES" IN ATHENS has recently been rechristened as "Palmerston-square."

MR. KINGLAKE'S "INVASION OF THE CRIMEA," the fourth edition of which has just appeared, has already spread in translations over the Continent.

FOUR BROTHERS NAMED FISH have been draughted out of Twenty-seventh-street, New York, which the wags of that city declare to be a miraculous draft of Fishes.

A SPARROW was lately sold in Adelaide, Australia, for 11s.; but then it was the last survivor of a large consignment, and is believed to be the only bird of its species in the colony.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE GREAT SHIP COMPANY have decided not to send the Great Eastern to sea again this season; and it is rumoured that the vessel will shortly be offered for sale by public auction.

FOURTEEN MISSIONARIES belonging to the Jesuits' College at Toulouse are about to quit France to preach the Gospel in the island of Madagascar.

PROFESSOR ENCKE, the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, is compelled by advanced age to retire from the office of secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, which he has held for many years.

A YOUNG GIRL threw herself into the Surrey Canal the other day, because, having dressed herself for a masquerade, she was disappointed at it not coming off.

"VON BOCKUM-DOLFF'S HAT" is the title applied to the newest-shaped cylinders which are to be seen in the shop windows of the Berlin hatters. Herr Bockum-Dolff is the leader of one of the most advanced sections of the Prussian Liberal party.

AN OLD PENSIONER, named Emanuel Merr, lately died in Greenwich Hospital, who was found to have amassed, by miserly habits, altogether, in money and securities, £1130! He had been for more than thirty years one of the boardroom messengers.

MR. G. G. SCOTT'S DESIGN FOR THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY, at Harrow, has just been completed. Intended as a memorial of the late Dr. Vaughan, Head Master, it will not only answer its purpose in usefulness, but, as a work of art, is highly pleasing.

A FRIGHTFUL BOILER-EXPLOSION has taken place at Dukensfield, near Stalybridge, whereby two men were killed, one of them having been blown over a two-story house.

CERTAIN PERSONS on board her Majesty's yacht have, it seems, used the opportunities their position afforded them for carrying on an extensive system of smuggling tobacco.

TWO HUNDRED SHEEP were lately stolen from a flock belonging to Lord Stuart de Decies, near Cork. The shepherd has been arrested on suspicion, but the sheep have not been recovered.

THE GALWAY PACKET COMPANY'S ship *Hibernia* has been beaten on her first return voyage from America by twenty hours by the Cunard steamer *Persia*.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS, of the 32nd Regiment, who walked as an accoutred private soldier sixty miles in twenty hours, has offered to walk from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Land's End at the rate of forty-two miles a day until the journey is completed.

THE FEDERAL SHIP *KEARSAGE*, Captain Winslow, entered Brest harbour on the 18th inst., and took up a berth in view of the Confederate cruiser *Florida*.

THE STEAMER *SUNBRAM* foundered on Lake Superior, on the 28th of August, when all on board, except the helmsman, perished—the number of lives lost being thirty-four.

MR. MASON, the Commissioner from the Confederate States, has sent to Earl Russell a notification that he has been instructed by the Confederate Government at Richmond to withdraw from this country. Mr. Mason, it is understood, will proceed to Paris and remain there.

THE CABINET of the United States and that of Spain have come to the determination to submit the question in dispute between them touching the jurisdiction in Cuban waters to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians.

THE SYNDIC OF PATERNO (Catania) announces that the cultivation of cotton has been carried to such an extent in that district that there are not sufficient hands to get in the crops, so that wages have been doubled.

THE BRITISH SHIP *OCEAN MAIL* has been totally lost in the China seas while on her voyage from Shanghai to England with a cargo valued at £100,000. The fate of the crew is not reported.

THE DRESDEN ECONOMICAL CONGRESS has passed resolutions against all monopolies and concessions, whether to private individuals or to Governments, for the issue of bank-notes, and in favour of perfect free trade in banking.

THE LIVERPOOL STEAM-SHIP *PACTOLUS* has been totally wrecked in the neighbourhood of Nova Scotia, during a voyage from Halifax to St. John, New Brunswick. No information has been received as to the fate of the crew.

DENNIS MULCAHY was last week fined £2 10s. for an assault on the editor of the *Chronicle*, provoked by certain statements in that journal. Dennis paid the fine, and, in doing so, declared that the assault was well worth the money.

THE NEGROES OF JAMAICA have sent an address to Lord Brougham, thanking him for his "valuable services in the cause of liberty, in promoting every object of benevolence and enterprise for the benefit of humanity and the general enlightenment and improvement of the people of the world."

A PICNIC PARTY recently assembled at Finchley Abbey, and, after spreading out the edibles, went for a stroll. On their return they found that a number of pigs had been picnicing on their edibles, and consumed, besides lobsters, chickens, tongue, ham, and cherry tarts, a part of the tablecloth and some of the napkins.

THREE OF THE INCORPORATING MILLS at the Bodfont Gunpowder Works exploded on Saturday morning last, but fortunately no person was injured. Two of the mills were standing still, and the third only working upon the ingredients before they are milled into powder, which prevented the accident assuming any more serious form than a loud report.

MR. SLIDELL, the Confederate Commissioner in France, has been visiting the Emperor and Empress of the French at Biarritz, and this, coupled with the recent declaration of the *Moniteur* that the Florida is not a privateer, is regarded in Paris as an indication of the early recognition of the South by France.

A PROJECT has been started for constructing a railway from the Brighton and South-Western on Wandsworth Common to Wimbledon Common, Kingston Vale, Norbiton, Petersham; Star and Garter, Richmond; Kew, and to join the North and South-Western at Brentford. The project, it is said, is earnestly supported by the National Rifle Association and other volunteers.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

SUFFERING as they are, or think they are, under the effects of the French Treaty, I should not be surprised if the men of Coventry were to elect a Conservative to succeed Mr. Ellice. It will be, though, something new and rare in the history of the old city if they do. Only twice since the Reform Bill have they returned a Conservative. In 1847 they elected Mr. Turner, who called himself a Liberal Conservative, who beat our old friend William Williams, the well-known member for Lambeth, by 121 votes; and in 1853 a Mr. Morgan Thomas; but at this election there was no real contest. At the last election, in 1859, the Conservative, Morgan Treherne, was behind Sir Joseph Paxton by 481 votes. In 1857 there were five candidates, but Ellice and Paxton had it all their own way.

Old Mr. Ellice has died suddenly, but certainly not prematurely. Dod does not give his age, but a paragraph in a morning paper tells us that he was born in 1787. He was elected for Coventry first in 1818, and, with the exception of the period between 1826 and 1830, has sat for this city ever since. Mr. Ellice was formerly a merchant in London. He must, however, have ranked high in the mercantile world, for he married, first (in 1809), the sister of Earl Grey, the reformer; and, second, the widow of the Earl of Leicester, known better as Coke of Norfolk. Mr. Ellice was twice in office, and once in the Cabinet. He was Secretary of the Treasury from November, 1830, to August, 1832; and Secretary at War from April, 1833, till December, 1834. And no doubt he might have had a place, if he had desired it, in every Liberal Ministry since. But, like the late Duke of Bedford, he preferred to be a sort of political *amicus curiæ* unattached. In the House of Commons his position was well understood. He was a firm supporter of the Government, rarely deserting them, and never when they were in danger. Mr. Ellice, of late years, seldom spoke; but he could speak fluently and well, and his speeches were listened to with that attention and respect which are always given to the utterances of a man who is known to think before he speaks, and who never speaks but when he has something important to say. His son, Mr. Edward Ellice, who sits for St. Andrews, and has been in Parliament twenty-six years, is very much like his father, and is quite as able, if not an abler man. I have heard from him some very excellent speeches; one especially I remember, on the management of lunatics in Scotland. Indeed, I have wondered, in common with others, why this gentleman has never been in office; perhaps he prefers to be an independent member; or, perhaps, as some say, he is too advanced a politician for a Whig Government; for Mr. Edward Ellice, jun., though he does not sit below the gangway, is really a Radical.

Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" first made its appearance on the 17th of January last, and it is now in its fourth edition. Three editions, of 2500 each, have been sold, the fourth is going off rapidly, and, in all probability, before the year is out 10,000 copies will have been disposed of. No book of modern date was ever so furiously assaulted as this has been; but the author has stood up against the pelting of the pitiless storm bravely, and has brought his work out of the fire almost unscathed. A few trivial errors he has had to correct; and, that the world may see what the real effect of the furious bombardment amounts to, he has placed the corrections necessary in foot notes. For my part, I never lost faith in Mr. Kinglake. He is a very able man. He has the genius of an artist combined with the accuracy of a lawyer. He did not take to writing this book hastily. He laboured at it long and diligently. He had free access to all available private and public documents. He was an eye-witness of much that he had to describe. He had opportunities of conversing with and drawing freely upon the observations of others. It was but reasonable, then, to suppose that he would be more likely to be correct than his critics, who could not possibly have had half his advantages. The preface to the fourth edition is very characteristic. Its causticity, its dry humour, are exactly what we might have expected from the author of "Eothen" and this now famous history. For the benefit of those who have purchased the earlier edition the author ought to print this preface and the corrections in a separate form; indeed, for his own sake this should be done.

By the death of Earl Beauchamp Lord Elmley is removed from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. His Lordship has represented West Worcestershire since 1853, when his father succeeded to the earldom. Mr. Lygon, the second son of the late Earl, is to vacate his seat for Tewkesbury, it seems, to stand for West Worcestershire. Lord Elmley was one of the silent members of the house. Not so, however, Mr. Lygon. He is very fond of talking. You never, though, see his name in the reports of great debates, nor does he ever rise when the House is full. He is wise enough to know that he has no talent for formal debating, and has perhaps learned by experience that his stuttering, incoherent talk would not be tolerated in a full house. His time is after midnight, when the debate of the evening is over and the House has got to the business of clearing off the orders of the day. Then you are sure to see the inevitable Mr. Lygon. He may have dined out or been to the opera or a ball; but, as sure as the snail crawls out after a shower of rain, he will show up when his time comes; and, if the House should be in Committee on some small bill you will see him jumping up and down like a jack-in-the-box. Many, many hours in a Session has this young gentleman kept the Speaker, and the Government, and those members who are obliged to stop, out of their beds. The reporters, however, do not suffer so much by Mr. Lygon's pertinacity, for his rising is a signal that they may go; and yet, with all his persevering pecking, I scarcely ever knew him mend or mar a bill. All that he ever does is just to stop their progress for a time. Would that he had gone up to the Lords instead of his brother!

The editor of the *Caledonian Mercury* tells us that he has received a copy of the *Southern Sentinel*, published in Alexandria, Louisiana, printed on the unstamped side of common paper-hanging—to such straits have the printers in the Southern States been reduced by the war. If, now, our paper manufacturers could be sure of breaking the blockade, what a harvest they might reap! I suppose that a couple of cargoes would produce a large fortune. But, then, there is that "if" standing in the way. But, nothing venture nothing have. What say you, gentlemen paper-makers? One venture would go far to balance all the losses which the removal of the duty and free trade brought upon you.

It needs no spirit of prophecy to foresee that the glory of Southampton will soon depart from it. The Great Western Railway Company has a line through to Falmouth. Falmouth has an incomparable harbour. The mail-boats, by stopping there, will save more than a day's voyage, and the expenses and the dangers thereof; and, what is more to the purpose, mails disembarked at Falmouth will reach London many hours sooner than they do now. These circumstances, then, considered, it would seem to be certain that at no distant date Falmouth will be the station of the steam-packet companies which have so long been the pride of Southampton. Political influence might have saved Southampton for a time, but that the men of Southampton scornfully threw away at the last election. A whisper has come to me that the change is even now under consideration.

Who are to be the anti-Church-rate leaders next Session? Sir John Trevelyan announced his resignation as Parliamentary leader some weeks ago, and now Dr. Foster is about to emigrate to New Zealand. It will be very difficult to find worthy successors to either Sir John or the Doctor. But let not the supporters of Church rates lay the flattering unction to their souls that the question will drop. It is possible, however, that nothing may be done in Parliament next Session. Sir John advises that the subject should stand over for a time. Meanwhile, every year the parishes refusing to grant Church rates will increase. There will be joy in the Church camp when it comes to be known that Dr. Foster is about to leave the country, for he has long been the *bête noir* of his opponents. Statesmen used to quote him in Parliament. Bishops shuddered as they read his evidence before the Lords; and yet Dr. Foster is simply an Independent, like Cromwell and Milton—in short, like the vast majority of Dissenters—this, and no more.

Away from London and from newspapers for some time, I was very much struck, on my return to civilisation, by the tone of certain portions of the press upon the Swansea Eisteddfod, at which I was present. Allowing for the horrible scarcity of topics, it was

yet scarcely fair of your contemporaries to flash their wit upon the Welsh gathering, of the origin, end, and aim of which most of them proved their utter ignorance. It is not a difficult matter to be funny over Welsh names. The prevalence of consonants and the absence of vowels give great scope for genuine humour, and the fact that the leek is the Welsh emblem is in itself provocative of the highest mirth; but that there was anything ridiculous in the recent Swansea gathering I entirely deny, while I confess that in it I found much to be admired. When you find ten thousand persons, of whom an immense majority are poor, labouring men—coal-miners and such like—coming together, not for any political demonstration, not for any social-science-report-reading, not for any old-motto-inspecting, cold-fowl-and-champagne-lunching archæology, but gathering, in the first place, because their forefathers for generations back so gathered in bygone times, and, secondly, because they believe in the humanising effect of such gatherings, it is, I think, a subject for compliment rather than sarcasm. These tough miners had saved up their wages for months to attend, had formed themselves into choral societies, and sung with a harmony which would have rejoiced Mr. Henry Leslie and gained them an immediate engagement from Mr. Paddy Green. And then, when a time of trial came, they behaved so splendidly. The festival was held in a temporary iron building erected by the firm who contracted with the Government for the Crimean huts. It was originally proposed that it should hold two thousand people. The committee, men with bold views, suggested that probably four thousand visitors might be expected; finally, the contract was taken for a building to hold six thousand visitors; and, on the Friday night, at the end of the festival, there were at least ten thousand people in it. In addition to these, there was a tremendous crowd outside who fought for entrance, and the row created by these at last frightened the audience. A report arose that the galleries were giving way, and a panic ran through the assembled masses. Under such circumstances, a disorderly rush must have been fatal to hundreds of lives. The Mayor attempted to address the people but could not get a hearing. Suddenly some one struck up Mr. Brinley Richards's popular song, "God bless the Prince of Wales," and hundreds of voices took up the chorus, thereby creating a little counter excitement; then a volunteer bugler gave forth various military calls, which were received with great delight; finally, the Mayor, getting a hearing, took upon himself to dissolve the meeting, and within half an hour the enormous building was quietly emptied of its human contents. I never saw better discipline, common sense, and presence of mind in a crowd. The Welsh people were very much hurt by the chaffing tone of the London press, and their organ, the *Cambrian Daily Leader*, had a very sensible article on the subject, in which it was urged that even if the Eisteddfod was a piece of folly, it at least did not interfere with Londoners, and, as Welshmen never complained of the mad riot of the Derby Day, or the solemn tomfoolery of Lord Mayor's Show, they might, at least, be permitted to enjoy their own folly in peace.

What Bohemianism really is has been explained by Henri Murger and Mr. Thackeray; what the phrase meant ten years ago in England was debt, dirt, and drunkenness. The reaction against this state of affairs which could not allow talent in a man with a clean shirt, and refused to recognise genius if it had connection with a toothbrush, has been gradually spreading, so that nowadays one meets former high priests of the Bohemian order in broadcloth and fine linen, and evidently on the high road to churchwardenship. The last progress-step is that decent readers frequenting the British Museum are petitioning against the admission of dirty vagabonds—*soi-disant* literary men—who come reeking with the stale odours of the pothouse debauch to crib from dead men's brains the where-with to procure the materials for the next night's dissipation. The reading-room at the Museum has ever (vide sketches by Boz) been the resort of shabby-genteel men, but they are a harmless set. Mr. Panizzi should prevent its being the place where debauched roysterers sleep off the fumes of last night's booze, and disgust decent people by their filth and ill-odour.

It is said that the recent death of Mr. Duffield, the artist, was caused by his blood having been completely poisoned by the absorption into his system of the odour of dead game, which he was constantly painting. Mr. Duffield laboured under a defective sense of smell, owing to some anatomical disarrangement, and was never aware of the putrid state to which his game subjects became reduced. He was by far the best dead-game painter of his day.

Of the making of religious publications there seems really no end. *Leisure Hours*, *Sundays at Homes*, *Cottagers*, *British Workmen*—everybody rescued from everything and living happily ever after—*Good Words* of Scotch theology, and now another to swell the list; for next month will see the issue of *Our Own Fireside*, a magazine of pure literature for the Christian family. Nothing to complain of certainly; there are plenty of magazines for un-Christian families, though there is not so much self assertion on the titlepage. *Toujours perdrix*, however, must pall, and the bad man who is converted by the good man, and gives up drink and coarse language and immediately gets made a partner in the firm where he was journeyman, is beginning to be voted a nuisance. So, far-seeing Mr. Cassell, the proprietor of the *Quarter*, has united the sensational and the theological elements, and has engaged Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, one of the pleasantest novelists of the day, to contribute a serial to the columns of his periodical.

There is early promise of a good publishing season. Among other books to be looked forward to are two volumes from Mr. Froude, this time touching on Queen Elizabeth, and embodying the information contained in the Simancas manuscripts, the posthumous volumes of Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England," Captain Speke's history of his Nile discoveries, a book on England by Mr. Hawthorne (Scarlet Letter), called "Our Old Home," and the collected works of Sir Benjamin Brodie.

What is a "Literary Hack?" A Mr. Holland, of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square, offers, per advertisement, to supply proprietors and projectors of newspapers and periodicals with editors, sub-editors, talented writers on every subject, translators, reviewers, and literary hacks. The calm insolence of this speculative middle-man is sublime. Mr. Holland had better look out, lest some of these "hacks" take to kicking.

THE FOLLOWING STORY is going the round of the Italian clerical journals:—"A rich man, residing in Northern Italy, after uttering horrible menaces against the Pope and Rome, actually manifested the desire to cut off the head of his Holiness himself. Five days after, by the special dispensation of Providence, his wife gave birth to twins without heads."

TWO OF THE VISITORS in the employment of the Preston Relief Committee have been charged with defrauding that committee. The alleged fraud is said to have been accomplished by their obtaining more tickets than they distributed properly. The evidence showed that there had been very great looseness in the mode of administering relief.

IMPORTANT LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution stationed at Southport put off on Sunday last in a heavy gale and high sea, and saved from the ship *St. Lawrence*, of Liverpool, which was stranded on the Salthouse Sand Bank at the mouth of the river Ribble, the captain's wife and child and twelve of the crew, the captain and three other men refusing to leave the vessel. The Lytham life-boat, which also belongs to the National Institution, was afterwards launched, with the view of saving the four men. After a hard pull she succeeded in reaching the stranded vessel, but the captain and those with him still remaining firm in their determination not to quit the ship, the life-boat returned to the shore. On the following morning, however, a signal of distress was seen flying from the ship, and the Lytham life-boat was again sent out, when it was found that the vessel was a derelict, the four men having left in their own boat. It was still blowing a gale of wind, and, as the ship had eight feet of water in her hold, she was of course nearly unmanageable; but the crew of the life-boat determined to make an effort to save the ship, and they were fortunately successful in bringing her into port. The barque would unquestionably have been totally lost had she remained on the bank another night. Both life-boats are reported to have behaved admirably. The cost of the Southport life-boat was presented to the National Life-boat Institution two or three years ago, by James Knowles, Esq., of Engley Bank. She has since been instrumental in rescuing three shipwrecked crews, consisting of twenty-one persons, and has also put off several times to the assistance of vessels in distress. The Lytham life-boat has only just been sent to her station, and her cost is the gift to the institution of Thomas Clayton, Esq., of Wakefield.

THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF PORTSMOUTH.

IN previous numbers of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES we have given some Engravings and description of the fortifications at Portsmouth; but, as the construction of these works has just been resumed, a few further details may not be uninteresting in connection with the general view of the town and harbour which we publish this week.

THE OLD DEFENCES.

The earliest account we have of the fortifications is that left by Leland, who visited Portsmouth about the year 1540, in whose "Itinerary," which he dedicated to Henry VIII., we find that the towers at the harbour's mouth were "began in the time of Edward IV., and set forward in building by Richard III.; and Henry VII. ended them, at the procurement of the Bishop of Winchester." From this it appears that, as well as the round tower now standing at Portsmouth, there was also another where Blockhouse Fort now stands. From these towers, Leland says, "there was a mighty chaine of yron, to draw from tower to tower." The other part of the fortifications at this time, as it appears from the same author, "was a mud waulle armed with timber, with a ditch without." This was the state of the fortifications in the reign of Henry VIII., as it seems to have been also in 1552, when Edward VI. visited the place, who, in a letter to his friend, Barnaby Fitzpatrick, complains that the bulwarks were "ill favoured, ill flanked, and set in unmete places." But, says another ancient author (Blount) "in our tyme, Queen Elizabeth, at great expense, fortified it so strongly with no works, that nothing is wanting to make it a place of greater strength: some of the garrison mount garde day and night at the gates, others in the steeple, who by stroke of a bell give notice what number of horse and foot are approaching, and by a flag which way they come." In the reign of Charles II. the new work of Elizabeth underwent some alteration, and in that of James II. a line of covered batteries took the place of the fortifications, where in Leland's time "the town was murred a forough length with a mud waulle," i.e., from the point gates to the "great toure;" and under William III. the whole was completed nearly as it now is. Very soon after these fortifications were finished, that part which faces the north was in a measure rendered useless, in consequence of buildings having been erected on what was before a furze-common and common fields, then and for many years after called Portsmouth Common, but now the town of Portsea. In consequence of this, and for the security of the dockyard, in the year 1750 the Government purchased the lands on which are the present Portsea lines, and in 1770 began to erect them; they were not, however, fully completed until 1809.

THE NEW INLAND FORTIFICATIONS.

The introduction of rifled ordnance utterly nullified the confined area of all then existing lines of defence surrounding fortified positions such as Portsmouth dockyard and arsenal, and the lines had, therefore, to be considerably extended, so as to increase the distance between the points of attack and defence. In the instance of Portsmouth the northern and southern extremities of its proposed lines of defence (the central fort on Portdown-hill and the marine forts on the Noman and Horse Shoals) form parts of a nearly circular defensive line, of about nine miles in diameter, between the points named. Portdown may be considered as commanding all approaches to the port from landward (supposing that an enemy may have effected a landing on any adjacent part of the coast), and the Noman and Horse Forts, through the narrow channel by the Warner Light, from sea; supposing, also, in the latter instance, that the Needles Channel is rendered impassable to any iron fleet.

The position of Portdown is nearly seven miles in extent, and runs nearly parallel with the line of coast, or the anchorage of Spithead, and in its centre rises to a height of 460 ft. above Ordnance level, and is here at a distance of about 5000 yards from Portsmouth Dockyard, while the large powder-magazines at Tipnor, and the shipping moored in the upper part of the harbour, lie at its very base. The vast importance of such a position and the imperative necessity for including it in the general plan for the port's defence are thus evident; and, although the extent of the plan, including Portdown, somewhat staggered even Sir John Burgoyne, yet that able officer, in his evidence before the Defence Commission, admitted freely that the defence of the port of Portsmouth would be imperfect without it, and the fortification of Portdown was therefore decided upon, and has been completed in its first stage.

It is being crowned with seven forts—Purbrook, Farlington, and Crookhorn at its eastern extremity, Wallingford at its western, and Widley, Southwick, and Nelson intermediately along its crest. These forts are being constructed on an exceedingly simple plan, being somewhat of horseshoe form, with the toe of the shoe pointing inland and the heel of the shoe towards the sea or Portsmouth, but of strong trace and prodigious strength, the base lines of their figures abutting on a common base line along the hill's crest.

At the east end of the hill the works are the least forward of any, but here may be seen the unusually formidable nature of the "trace." It is commanded by three works—Farlington, Crookhorn, and Purbrook. All three have yet proceeded in their construction but little beyond their formation of parapet and ditch and general outline. Their height reaches 300 ft. above Ordnance level. Farlington commands the eastern point of Portdown, and will mount eighteen of the heaviest guns on its terre-plein, with mortar-batteries in the angles of its surrounding ditches, each battery mounting three mortars. A sunken gallery communicates with Crookhorn, which will mount sixteen guns on its terre-plein, with six guns in the angles of its ditch. A continuation of the same sunken gallery leads from Crookhorn to the main work at this eastern end of Portdown—Purbrook—which will mount twenty-one guns on its terre-plein, nine guns in caponnières in the ditch, and three mortars in the ditch's west angle. It has a nearly straight face of 240 ft., looking inland; the open gorge being opposite the west side of Langston Harbour and the eastern side of Portsmouth Harbour. The ditches surrounding the three works vary in depth, according to their position, from 35 ft. to 50 ft. Sunken galleries from the interior of the works communicate with the mortar-batteries and caponnières in the ditches. The walls of the ditches themselves are supported in their vertical formation by chalk and brick masonry; and these formidable outer obstructions are carried out generally in the entire line of works along the hill's crest. At Wallingford, the fort which commands all approaches to Portdown at its western end, the arrangements are somewhat different, owing to its position, but continue of the same comprehensive and formidable nature. It will mount fifty-six guns on its terre-plein, four of them being in casemates à la Haxo at the angles. Caponnières project into the ditch, mounting three guns each at each angle, and have mortar-batteries in the rear. Sunken galleries communicate between the enceinte of the work, the caponnières, the mortar-batteries, and an advanced covered way on the right shoulder, which mounts three guns, sweeping the line of ditch. It stands at an elevation of 140 ft. above Ordnance level, has a right front of 520 ft., a left front of 325 ft., a right flank of 437 ft., and a left flank of 383 ft. Its gorge is as yet open, like the rest of the Portdown forts, and looks towards the sea-coast.

Although not, strictly speaking, belonging to the line of Portdown forts, still it must be considered a "Portdown" fort, as, erected on the low land at about a mile distant from Fort Wallington, and nearer the line of sea-coast, stands Fort Fareham, the village of Fareham, which stands at the uppermost head of Portsmouth Harbour, being situated between the two forts. Any attack upon the position of Portdown from the westward must include Fort Fareham, which must therefore be considered conjointly with the seven hill-forts already noticed. It is a work of more than ordinary pretensions. Like the forts on Portdown, it may be generally described as of horseshoe shape, with five faces of 221 ft., 176 ft., 313 ft., 361 ft., and 400 ft. respectively. It will mount fifty guns on its terre-plein, double Haxo casemates being at each angle. The terre-plein is supported on massive brickwork arches, which give the necessary accommodation for the garrison, and the whole work will have an elevation of 36 ft. over the surrounding country, its front being well covered with earthwork. The ditch encompassing the fort

is 15 ft. in depth, 119 ft. in width at the top, revetted in brickwork, and with 9 ft. of water.

Portdown is thus the base of the great polygon of works designed and now being carried into execution for the defence of Portsmouth. South of Portdown is the anchorage of Spithead, and the proposed sites of the marine forts which are to defend Spithead and Portsmouth from the sea.

THE PROPOSED SEA DEFENCES.

While Portsmouth is being thus engirdled with a vast net of fortifications, it is impossible not to acknowledge, on examining the general plan, that in the channel of approach from the sea stands the "Achilles' heel" of the whole plan. Only five hours' steaming from the greatest military port of another country, there is not at present existing one single obstacle to a hostile squadron steaming into Spithead whenever it may choose, and bombarding and destroying Portsmouth Dockyard, its shipping, and its arsenals at pleasure.

The fortifications for defending Portsmouth from an attack from the sea are old works which would fall to the ground from the concussion of any guns fired from their parapets of sufficient calibre to inflict damage on an iron-clad fleet. To show the truth and importance of this statement, it is here necessary to observe that the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour, Southsea Castle, and Fort Moncton form a triangle of which Spithead is the base, with Portsmouth Harbour at the apex, and that the guns at these three points are the only present obstacles to the entrance of an enemy's fleet from the sea. Southsea Castle is a very old stone-built work, partially covered with earth on its flanks, and is in such a dilapidated state that not a gun has been allowed to be fired from its walls for months past, not even for blank practice. The front face of Fort Moncton, which faces Spithead, and is supposed to cross fire with Southsea Castle, is the weakest part of the work, and would certainly not bear the concussion from the fire of heavy ordnance. In these two points, therefore, at the base of the triangle, there are at present no existing means for the defence of Portsmouth from a sea attack.

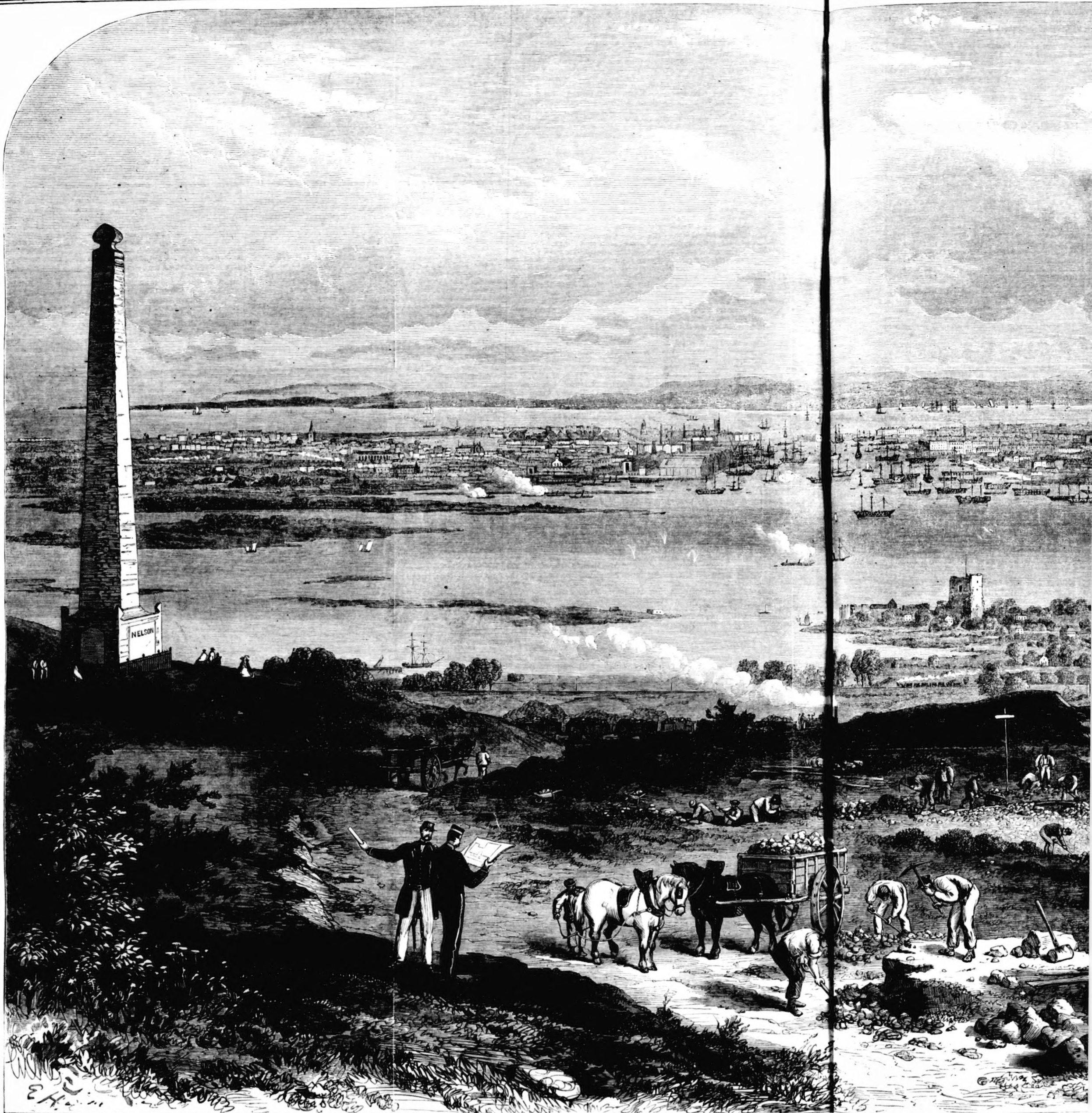
The Government plans for the defence of Spithead from a sea attack consist of the three marine forts of the Horse, Noman, and Sturbridge, all three to be constructed on shoals abutting upon the narrow, deep water-ways of Spithead. The two first named will lie south of Spithead, and be the first obstacles to the entrance of an hostile fleet from the Channel. The Sturbridge (built on the Sturbridge shoal, off Ryde, Isle of Wight) can only be of service after a fleet has forced its way into Spithead, and therefore its use under any circumstances would be very problematical. From its position, even if it missed an enemy's ship, it must strike a friend, as its shots in each case would plump either into the town of Ryde or Fort Moncton. It is situated at 4500 yards distance from the Noman and Horse forts, and is about 6800 yards from the dockyard. It stands, in fact, or rather is intended to stand, in the centre of the ground into which an enemy's fleet must never be allowed to enter, and by its fire would injure its friends more than its enemies. So well is the utility of this proposed fort understood, that Captain Tyler, of the Royal Engineers, has not hesitated to condemn it in letters to the public press, and proposed in lieu to erect a fort on the Warner Rock, outside the Noman and Horse forts. The three forts would then form a perfect triangle, with the "Warner" as the apex and in advance, and if constructed and armed as contemplated no iron ship should ever swim past them. All parties appear now to agree in the expediency of constructing these marine forts, provided they are built to carry guns of sufficient power to smash in the sides of any iron ship that may come between them. The Government plans have, however, been severely criticised from the date of the first report of the Royal Defence Commission, and various plans have been submitted, some on evidence before the Commission, and others from non-official sources, either to prevent an enemy from ever entering Spithead at all, or for rendering it so hot after he had got there that he would be glad to quit it again.

PLACES OF NOTE IN THE TOWN.

Our Illustration shows many of the most noteworthy features of the town. Beginning on the left of the picture, the most prominent object in the foreground is the Nelson obelisk, erected to the memory of the great national naval hero. Then comes the Church of St. Jude, a massive and noble structure, the elegant spire of which towers high above the surrounding mansions. St. Paul's Church, a little further to the right, is considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. It was opened for public worship in 1822, having been erected, under the New Church Act, at an expense of £16,000. The Military Hospital is fitted with every comfort for the sick soldier; and near this are the workshops of the Ordnance department, to which belongs the superintendence of all the castles and fortifications in the south-west district of England. The dockyard covers an area of upwards of 118 acres, and has been enlarged at various times as the necessities of the public service required. In the masthouse the making of ships' masts, yards, bowsprits, &c., is performed. Haslar Hospital was projected, in 1742, by the Earl of Sandwich, and was sixteen years in erecting. It contains accommodation for about 2000 patients. The Royal Clarence Victualling Yard contains storehouses of immense size, used as depositories of bread, beef, pork, and other articles of food, as well as rum, wine, clothing, &c., for the Navy. It covers a large area of ground, and is separated from all other buildings by substantial walls. In the middle of the view is the ancient castle called Portchester, and near it the new railway station. In the foreground is Portdown Hill, from which our Sketch is taken, and on which the operations in connection with the erection of the new fortifications are being busily carried on. From the hill, which is about five miles from Portsmouth, on the road to London, a magnificent prospect is obtained, extending down the English Channel and nearly forty miles over the New Forest on the west; on the east, over the South Downs in Sussex; on the north, over a fine woodland country; while on the south the islands of Portsea and Hayling, with Portsmouth and Langston harbours, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight on the other side of the Solent, complete the view. Portdown Hill has recently been purchased for the erection of the new inland fortifications described above, one of the most forward of which is Fort Nelson, on the extreme right of the Engraving.

THE BARON OSEY STEAMER.—The Baron Osey steamer has been floated off the mud on the Rotherhithe shore, where she was allowed to settle down after being lifted out of the fairway of the river, and hauled into Lungley's dock at Deptford. She has been examined by Lloyd's surveyors, and the damage which she sustained by striking upon some obstruction in the bed of the Thames has been found to be of a very serious character. More than nine feet of the plating of her bottom under the port bilge has been rent open, a long strip of iron being completely ploughed out by the force with which she passed over the obstruction. It is alleged that it was the remains of an old Norwegian vessel which was broken up near the spot last year; but the Thames Conservancy Board have caused that part of Limehouse Reach to be dragged, and it is stated that no projection or obstruction of the kind suggested was traced. It should be mentioned that it was dead water when the vessel struck, it being one of the lowest neap tides that has been known for some time.

A DUEL BETWEEN LADIES.—Several ladies, while on a visit to a friend's house, a short distance from Gray's Ferry, were amusing themselves by singing and dancing, when one of them, a resident of Baltimore, sang a verse of the "Bonny Blue Flag;" one of the other ladies jestingly said, "You're a rebel," at which another commented the "Southern Mars-illaise." When it was finished, the lady who had been called a rebel, said, "I wish we had pistols. I'd fight a duel with you for calling me a rebel." At this, a daughter of the gentleman at whose house they were, said, "We have pistols in the house, but they are not loaded." They were brought, and in order to give it the form of a duel, distances were measured in the room, the ladies took their places, word was given, one, two, three, when the lady who had called the other "rebel" said, "I will sit in this chair, as I wish to die easy." Word was again given, and the Baltimore lady, who had a self-cocking pistol, pulled the trigger, and bang went the pistol, a piercing scream was heard, and in an instant the room was filled with the members of the family, when it was discovered that two of the ladies had swooned; the Baltimore lady was standing motionless, and the one who wished to "die easy" sitting pale with terror in her chair; one ball had passed through her dress on the left side, grazing the skin, while in the lap of a table on which she rested her arm were eight distinct shot holes, and one bullet embedded in the wood. The pistol had been loaded by a boy on the 4th of July, but the charge had not been fired.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*



Cumberland Fort.

Nelson Obelisk.

St. Jude's, Southsea.

Railway Station.

Landport Church.

St. Paul's, Fonthsea.

Military Hospital.

Portsmouth Church.

Masthouse. 1. Dockyard.

Isle of Wight.

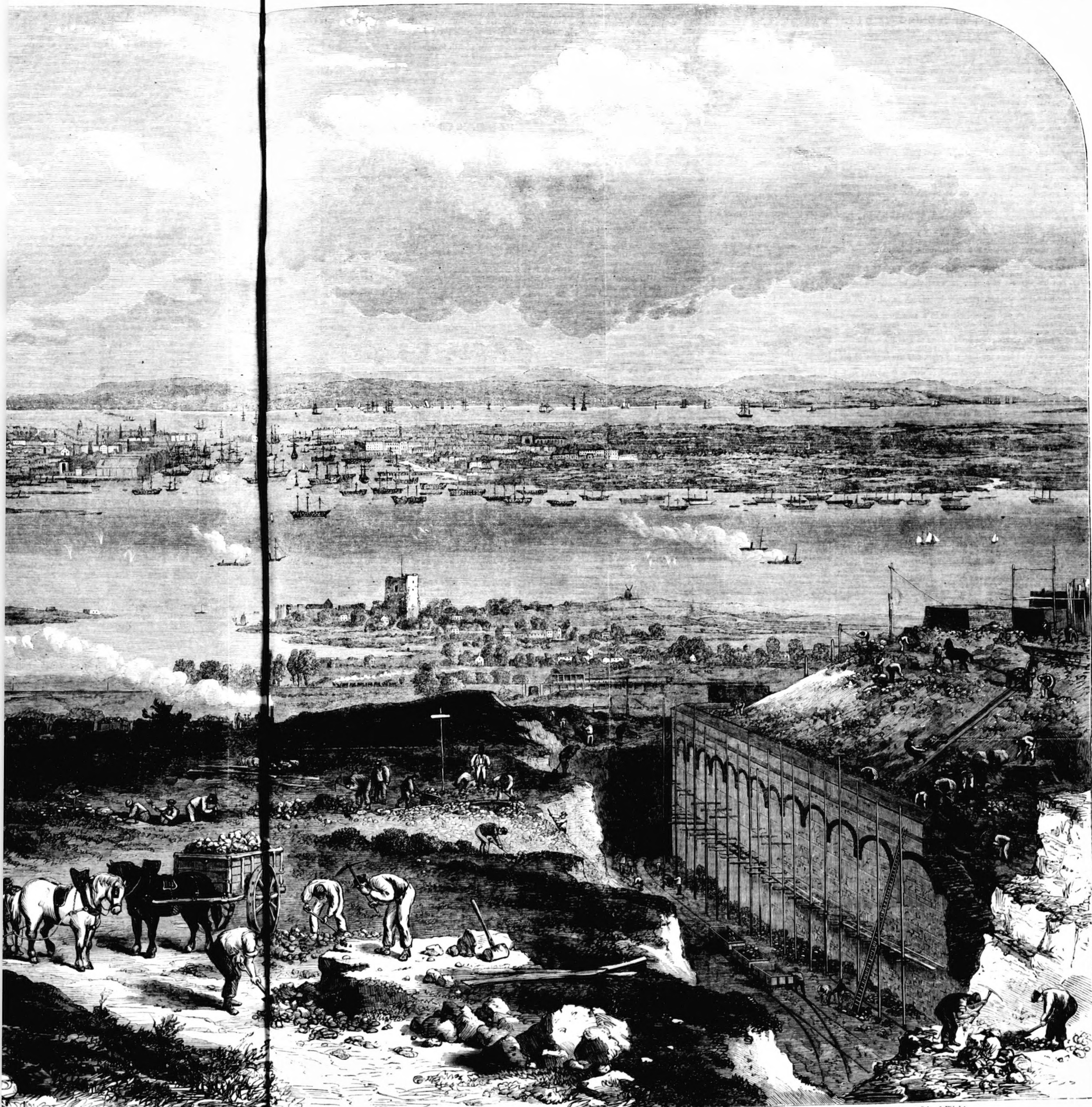
Bosham Fort.

Halar Hospital.

New Barracks, Royal Clarence Victuall.

Portchester Castle.

THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF PORTSMOUTH, WITH GOSPORT, SOUTHSEA, AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—(SKETCHED BY E. H. B. 1863.)



Hospital. Portsmouth Church. Maithouse. Deckyard. Hosp. of Wight. Blockade Port. Haller Hospital. New Barracks, Royal Clarence Victualling Establishment, and Powder Magazine, Gosport. Portchester Castle. Portchester Railway Station. Osborne, Isle of Wight. Fort Nelson.
 HARBOUR OF PORTSMOUTH, WITH GOSPORT, SOUTHSEA, AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—(SKETCHED FROM PORTSDOWN-HILL.)

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 186.)

CHAPTER XIV.

"I must make out what has happened, and listen amiably till he has shown how much he knows, and then!" said Lady Julia to herself, as she arranged her features, which a flash of vindictive animation had lit up as she reached that eloquent apophoreisis of her wrath, "and then!" for at this point she ceased to form her thoughts in words, and betook herself to her *pose en scène*.

"It is about as awkward a predicament as a fellow could well be in, and she will give me but little assistance to get through it like a gentleman. It will be her cue to force me into harsh words, that I may seem to myself a cruel oppressor trampling her down in the hour of her affliction. However, I must fulfil my promise to poor Gaveloch."

So thought Strensal, pausing, on his way towards the formidable interview, to clear his throat, as if the embarrassment which seemed to obstruct his breathing were a physical impediment that could be coughed up. Lady Julia heard that nervous cough before the enemy came in view, and drew somewhat of favourable augury even from this slight signal of his being ill at ease.

She was leaning back in a low armchair with her back to the light and her hand over her eyes.

Wrapped up in the abstraction of her sorrow, to outward appearance, she watched him narrowly through her fingers, to see whether his manner of entering the room would betray weakness or indecision.

It seems a simple thing to enter a room, but there are very many ways of doing it; and very expressive they are of the man who enters, and his chances of success in whatever business he enters the room to transact.

He may bounce in, steal in, swagger in, crouch in, shamble in, march in, saunter in, trip in.

He may enter in no particular way; or in a muddling compound of various ways. His attempt at the swaggering saunter may be modified by a constitutional tendency to the cringing shamble.

He may come in, making occasional efforts to hold his head high, and not be able to keep it up, because he is disturbed by a collateral consciousness of his hands and feet, and especially the angles of his elbows.

Lady Julia saw that Mr. Strensal came in with a quiet but well-planted step; that his carriage was erect without being stiffened by any conscious assumption of a lofty air; that his expression was grave and rather sad; and, in general, she gathered from his countenance and bearing that he was thinking about her and her sorrows and errors, with a kind of sympathetic discomfort, instead (which would have suited her better) of being occupied with himself or the voluntary representation of any particular phase of sentiment for her benefit.

Having seen this much, she dropped her hand from her forehead and made a languid movement as if to rise. But she only sat up in her chair and acknowledged his presence with a rueful glance of martyrlike resignation, which seemed to say, "You find me desolate and defenceless. Do your worst!"

"Lady Julia," he said, after his rather distant salutation, "I have sought this interview at the urgent entreaty of my dying friend, who is since dead. The communications I have to make to you cannot but be painful. But I hope you will acquit me of any desire unnecessarily to wound your feelings, if, for the sake of brevity, I use plain words and come to the point abruptly."

"As abruptly as you please. I have gone through too many shocks of horror and distress of late to be very sensitive to any new form of torture." And she dropped her dark-fringed eyelids on her pale cheeks, with a weary expression of pain, then raising them again submissively. "Say on! I suppose you have come to reproach me with something, or accuse me of something? It seems, somehow, to have become the business of your life to hunt me down and humiliate me; you, whom, when I first knew you, I imagined so good and generous, and looked on as a herald of happier destiny and nobler incentives. It is a sad change. But I am bound to submit to humiliations from you which I would die rather than bear from others. My weakness gave you a power over me, and you have used it as a hard and stern taskmaster. Not satisfied with casting me inexorably away from your friendship, which I so highly valued, you turned upon me and reproached me for presuming too much on the toleration of your scornful oblivion because your friend Mr. Jarnwith was not discreet enough to take his cue from your avoidance of me; because I did not seem to him so repulsive as I ought to have done, according to the theory of your lofty morality. I acknowledge that I did not submit to the fiat of your will and pleasure in that instance so meekly as I might have done. Unhappily, I loved him and he loved me, and it was bitter to suppress the impulses of my own heart and to fling back his devotion with feigned coldness and disdain. Yet I did so because you had bidden me, and now I regret my cowardice. I should have done better to have told him all. He said his love was wide enough and deep enough to cover all I might desire to forget. I might have begun my life anew—a happy, innocent life—a life of love and usefulness in the world; but you came and turned it all to barren blight. And now you threaten to assail me with some fresh persecution. You believe nothing but evil of me. You have listened to the falsehoods of that infamous woman. You are prepared to take her part against me. So, at least, she asserted; and so it seems by your present attitude towards me. How you reconcile such a course with your much-boasted conscience, knowing what you know of her conduct and character, I cannot well imagine."

"I will not argue the question of right and wrong. I have no hope we should agree. I shall not attempt to justify myself. I am here as my dead cousin's representative to put forward no higher considerations than those of expediency. You are in possession of a letter in Lady Tintagel's handwriting which, if her husband were alive, might materially affect her position. As it is, while that letter remains in your possession you would have the means of blasting her reputation and covering her with shame and infamy on her own confession. I say you would, because there are circumstances which render it impossible for you, with safety to yourself, to use that letter to her injury."

"Will you kindly inform me what there is to prevent me from letting the world know what she is, and referring to that letter for my authority?"

"Nothing but the knowledge of the inconveniences to yourself which would arise from such a course; and it is for fear you might not foresee these inconveniences that I have ventured, at Lord Gaveloch's instance, to call your attention to them. Let us for a moment suppose that you had done as you say, and I will attempt to give you a slight sketch of the consequences. An action for defamation of character, or a criminal charge of falsification of documents, or of libel and forgery combined under the denomination of conspiracy, would be issued against you. It would be shown that you could skilfully counterfeit Lady Tintagel's writing."

"How could it be shown, unless it were really the case? Lady Tintagel has invented an absurd story of fabricated letters. Is it possible that you have been simple enough to accept as literal truth her disavowal of certain choice specimens of her correspondence she found it convenient to repudiate? Probably she had little reason to be proud of their authorship; and it seems something in their tone awakened suspicions in her unhappy lover's mind—suspicions of her equivocal relations with a rival admirer. On being asked to explain their inconsistencies, she hit on the brilliant device of denying that she had written them at all. And, as somebody must have written them, and as I am deputed seagoat by general consent to sustain the onus of everybody's misdeeds, it was charitably suggested that I had volunteered to conduct her discreditable correspondence for her. I can imagine an infatuated lover, in the delirious agonies of the last gasp, catching at any

straw of fiction which would prop his crumbling delusion. But that you in your five senses should gulp down such a monstrous proposition is beyond all calculation of human credulity. Alas! it shows how vehement must be your predisposition to take for granted all evil that can be laid at my door, or you could never have accepted this insane chimera as a solid fact on her bare assertion. However wicked it may please you to believe me, I have surely not given you reason to think me silly enough to commit myself in so wantonly gratuitous a manner."

"I should not have thought so without better evidence than Lady Tintagel's 'bare assertion,' though it is by no means uncommon for highly ingenious projectors to entangle themselves in the superfluous meshes of a too elaborate scheme. I do not, on mature consideration, believe that she had any 'equivocal relations,' as you call them, to conceal. My opinion is not formed on her representations, but from the Count's own testimony, which was all the more to be trusted as coming out incidentally. Count Gaston, unless I greatly misjudge him, is not a man naturally inclined to hide his successes under a bushel; yet I gathered from the chatings of his exasperated vanity that he considered himself cruelly duped and hoodwinked, not only by the Countess but by yourself."

"And, pray, what may have brought you into such sudden intimacy with M. D'Ardeley that he should make you the repository of his sentimental confidences?"

"I believe I owed his visit to your own good offices. The Count has an impetuous frankness in discussion, and, as I met him in the same unreserved spirit, we soon understood each other. He has quitted Paris, and will probably not return for a few months."

"Indeed!" said Lady Julia, who could not help being taken aback by such an unexpected issue of the Count's intervention on her behalf.

"But we are wandering from the topic of central importance into immaterial details. With respect to the letters which Lady Tintagel disavows, though she admits that the imitation of her handwriting is very perfect, the legal evidence which would be relied upon to connect them with yourself is the deposition of Raoul Grelotin, engraver and die-sinker, Rue d'Estrelle Montmartre, who is prepared to swear that you ordered of him, and he executed and delivered to you in person, a reproduction of Lady Tintagel's monogram signet; and that the seals on those disavowed letters are impressions of the die he so delivered to you. Reflect for a moment on the effect which those two admirably-counterfeited letters would produce in court. Of course, it would strongly suggest itself to a jury that the other letter in your possession was of the same manufacture. The evidence of experts is always contradictory. Some would declare that all three were written by the same hand. The two in our possession being distinctly traceable to you."

"And do you mean to imply that Lady Tintagel dare appear in court and accuse me of fabricating those letters, even if I had fabricated them? Would she face the shame and disgrace of owning that such letters could have been written in her name and passed as hers when received?"

"Of course not, unless you forced her to do so by using the other letter to her injury. Then it would become necessary for her, in self-defence, to make it appear that the whole case was one mass of fabrication, founded entirely on your malevolent ingenuity. But it is idle to say more on the consequences of a merely supposititious course, which requires only to be glanced at and dismissed as utterly repugnant to common prudence. For you must be aware that in any such litigation your stepmother, as a married woman, with great wealth and powerful connections, would be much better able to set public scandal at defiance than yourself."

"And therefore, because her position is strong and mine weak—because she has vantage ground to intrench herself in the wrong, and I am exposed and defenceless, your natural chivalry enlists you on her side. Have not these Asperitythens been my deadly enemies and cruel aggressors from the beginning? You know some of 'dear Mordant's' good offices. You saw the old hag of a mother busy laying her accursed cuckoo's egg in my nest! And now that it is hatched and I am thrust out and fall to the ground, like the poor fledglings of the defrauded sparrow when the young cuckoo grows too strong for them, you step forward gallantly and set your foot upon the wretched orphan's breast to crush down the feeble struggle, to smother the helpless cry. Ah! I see you have some misgivings as to your conduct. You are a little ashamed of the part you have taken. Come, now, let us be honest. You say you are only acting against me and in Ulrica's behalf at the entreaty of your dead cousin, who made you promise to do your best to protect her against the consequences of her wickedness. You are actuated by no jealous rancour against me. If that be the truth, you will accept such terms as will secure Lord Gaveloch's object. I will burn in your presence the letter she desires to be delivered from, and will promise to be silent on all I know to her discredit, if you similarly burn in my presence the letters you possess and give your word to be silent on all you know or suspect of me."

"I am satisfied with having warned you of the inconveniences of being otherwise than silent. I have no fear of your making any indiscreet use of the document which you will retain; and you may be equally sure Lady Tintagel will make no use of those she holds unless you force her into that mutually disadvantageous alternative. As to entering into any absolute compact of silence, I have seen reason to be very cautious of such engagements. When Lord Gaveloch entreated me to undertake this intermediation, I refused any absolute pledge of the kind, and said, that if they could not trust my sense of honour and discretion, I declined to hear their confidences. I think you may safely trust me not to divulge idly anything to anyone's disadvantage. All that I engaged to keep secret formerly I am still just as much bound to hold inviolable, though its importance be superseded by much graver facts. For instance, I shall most certainly and distinctly communicate to John Jarnwith all my impressions and conjectures of your conduct in Paris this time, as well as all I absolutely know; but, as far as I'm concerned, he will certainly die ignorant of what took place at Naples. As my friend he has a right to the benefit of all knowledge I possess, except such as an honourable obligation debars me from affording. At Naples we were on terms that implied confidence, even without any special engagement. Here the case is entirely different. I have learnt nothing under any trust reposed in me by you, either directly or by implication. Forgive me for having been so tedious, and believe, if my words seem harsh, that it is my rude bluntness of expression which is in fault, not my desire to avoid giving you unnecessary annoyance."

"Before you go," said Lady Julia, trembling since the last few sentences with vehement but suppressed rage, "let me say a few words to you on your conduct. Words of description, few or many, could not be found to do justice to its cold-blooded, calculating, methodical, selfish baseness. You talk of honour, generosity, conscience; and you use those virtues as a swindling attorney uses law, to defeat the ends of justice. Self-sufficient, self-ended puritan! you have not the courage to be an honest rogue, bully, or assassin! You shelter yourself from your own contempt behind some obtuse balwerk of stolid self-righteousness, and cloak your cowardly malignity under the stupid delusion that you are an honest man. It is this egotistical presumption, that you are only doing your duty in furthering the views of a Providence specially devoted to the interests and welfare of your own particular family connection, which opposes such a lump and mass of offence to my hatred. Lord De Vergund injured me to the extent of his capacity; but the miserable wretch was too much his own revenge. I devote myself to you. He and his are but as roving miscreants of the sea, who rifle and scuttle the good ships they meet with in the ordinary course of their flagrant profligacy. But you are like a respectable, God-fearing, Sabbath-observing wrecker of the Orkneys, who finds a body washed ashore, strips it of its rags, contemplates it curiously, and, discovering unwelcome signs of vitality, shoves back into the howling bullwits a faint and shivering unfortunate whose salvage might bring bad luck to his own hearthstone. Go, Sir! You have conferred a boon upon me. While you live and possess anything to make your life of value to you, my existence, out of which you have

trampled all happier interests, will at least be to retain one earnest and enduring purpose. Have patience with me and I will repay you all. Go! You have had no mercy on the desolate and oppressed. Go! with an orphan's malediction on your head!"

"Farewell, and God forgive you!" said Strensal, making his bow and retreating, a good deal shocked by the strong language he had been detained to listen to.

"I have sown a dragon's tooth to-day, with a vengeance. But I luckily disposed of the only available armed man beforehand. If I have really done her wrong I must suffer for it, but, upon my word, I cannot see things in her light. However, that is over for the present; and as for her malediction, why wicked people's curses are too common to be very effectual!"

(To be continued.)

PENAL SERVITUDE.

MILLBANK PRISON.

(Continued from page 188.)

THE condition of our two prisoners in relation to the offence which they have committed, and the general system of punishment at Millbank, leads me to remark that the want of classification of prisoners, with regard not only to their age, but to the discipline and punishment with which their particular crime and its attendant circumstances might be associated, is worth serious consideration. It may be urged (and with some show of reason) that Millbank is only a depot; and, again, that the present punishment inflicted on criminals there is light enough even for the lightest average offence for which the inmates are consigned to its cells. It may be replied to the first objection that many of the prisoners do in reality stay there for a considerable time—some of them for many months; and, to the second, that the hardened ruffian who can subdue his temper while he is an inmate of Millbank is nearly as well off as the youth who has yielded to a strong temptation, or the man who has committed some rash act in a fit of momentary passion.

It may be thought that, in passing through the wards with the opportunity of seeing so many of their inmates, a large number of brutal and forbidding countenances would shock the visitor. This is not the real impression which I received, however; and it may have occurred to the thoughtful reader that, after all (and the truth of it of physiognomy notwithstanding), a good many criminals must closely resemble a good many other people who (in the eye of the law at least) are not criminals and whom we meet every day. Has no intelligent observer, in looking into a window where phrenological casts have been displayed, ever imagined that there must have been, in one or two instances, some mistake by which the label of the criminal bust was accidentally transferred to the pedestal of the philanthropist, or vice versa? Even great crimes are sometimes the result of circumstances against which the evildoer may have fought, but fought unequally and weakly, or may have been stimulated by some sudden impulse of evil too long left unchecked, and of which we may ourselves be conscious as we stand before the grated door of that prison cell. Again, the fact of the general nature of Millbank Prison explains the absence of this particular feature in prison life.

Singularly enough, it is in the school that the impression of a number of low and brutalised faces is most forcible. Here—gathered together in a long room, furnished with forms, common desks, a few maps and diagrams, and a black board—the prisoners receive instruction divided into four classes, according to their previous attainments. There is a schoolroom to each two pentagons, and the scholars are strangely various. Somehow the stolid, indifferent, and evil faces seem to overshadow those which are more intelligent.

It may be that the most ignorant and some of the oldest men frequently occupy the front forms nearest the desk of the master; but it would be difficult to conceive anything more sullen, dogged, and sometimes hopeless, than the expression of many of them who seem entirely hopeless, even to the entrance of a stranger. The dull room and the coarse prison dress are but the setting to a picture which represents an awful reality of reformation of every age and degree.

The chapel is a large and really handsome building, forming an almost circular polygon, occupying the centre of the gaol, and reached by three passages communicating with the different pentagons. The chapel is, as indeed it should be, the lightest and best-fitted portion of the prison, and is surrounded with a fine gallery. This is, we believe, the only prison chapel which is consecrated for the complete service; and there is a legend that a convict was once married there just previous to his death under circumstances which involved the rightful disposition of considerable property.

The Roman Catholic prisoners are distinguished by the letters R. C. over their cells above the ticket, which, fastened to every grating, states the name, number, and term of sentence. These receive instruction from the Roman Catholic priest attached to the establishment, read the books permitted by him, and go to Confession. The Roman Catholic chapel has been adapted from a large ward which was once remarkable as the general ward—a large apartment built out in an open space or court of one of the pentagons. In this place some hundred and fifty prisoners worked in association, mostly at tailoring and shoemaking. In appearance it is a singular combination of a small railway station and the refreshment portion of a public garden—an effect produced by the light roof of glass and iron, and the presence round two sides of it of a number of wooden inclosures almost exactly like the "boxes" in a tea-garden. In these the men formerly worked by day and slept in their hammocks at night.

The stores for materials for the work of the prison, for manufactured articles, and for the necessarily large quantities of provisions, occupy a considerable space; but are scarcely so interesting as one cell which is called the "chain room," and in which a remarkable collection of chains, fetters, and handcuffs, in every variety, is arranged upon the walls in a sort of grim festooned pattern. The use of most of these is abolished, and the simple light "cuff" and chain alone considered necessary; but this is frequently in requisition in the case of prisoners who, full of savage brutality, attack the warders on every opportunity.

There is little doubt that the condition of the criminals at Millbank is physically superior to that of a large number of the honest poor, and it is certain that throughout the prison arrangements the utmost care is taken to adopt only such a kind and degree of punishment as is necessarily implied in the very idea of convict labour; yet the visitor who spends some time in the building, or stands at the window of the governor's waiting-room, thoughtfully watching the work of the yard, will begin to feel that in this particular establishment the generally dreary aspect of all the accessories, and the monotonous daily routine of work, meals, exercise, must, in many cases, be a severe penalty. But against this, again, it will be remembered that the thoughtful visitor looks at the whole process from his own point of view, and can, perhaps, never succeed in realising the manner in which it is regarded by the majority of those who are brought under its influence.

Of the ground surrounding the building there is little to be said. Airing-yards, bleak and bare, intersected with narrow brick or stone paths, upon which the convicts walk at a regular pace in single file and about six feet apart. A walled waste of garden ground, where the convalescents work with hoe, or spade or roller. A blank and now unused burial-yard, where the nameless graves of former prisoners who have died within the walls are varied in a few instances by the headstones which mark the burial-place of two or three prison officials or their relatives. The inner aspect of Millbank is close, dark, and sombre; its walled area, suggestive only of the unwholesome neighbourhood of the low-lying river-shore, and of the purpose to which the building itself is devoted.

The entrance yard, with its offices, is more lightsome; and here, as we return, the prison van has just deposited some new inmates, including our two ruffians. They are at this moment in the reception-ward, where beyond the row of cells there are a row of baths, to which they are at once conducted. After they have taken off the clothes in which they have been brought from Newgate, they will be examined by the surgeon in a cell at the end of the ward, and in the uniform of Millbank, will be consigned to cells in one or other of the pentagons.

Neither of them will be eligible for association, however, since they will soon be removed to the second stage of penal servitude at

PENTONVILLE PRISON.

Pentonville, or, as it was formerly called, "The Model Prison," was built in 1842 (at a cost of £85,000), for the reception of convicts selected to undergo probationary imprisonment previous to their transportation to the colonies.

It may not be out of place to mention here that this prison was originally intended only as a sort of preparation for penal servitude abroad, and that the "ticket-of-leave system" introduced amongst this class of convicts was applied only to those who were sentenced to Van Diemen's Land.

"I propose," said Sir James Graham, in his letter to the commissioners, "that no prisoner shall be admitted into Pentonville without the knowledge that it is the portal to the penal colony, and without the certainty that he bids adieu to his connections in England, and that he must henceforth look forward to a life of labour in another hemisphere. He should be made to feel that from that day (the day of his entrance into the prison) he enters on a new career. He should be told that his imprisonment is a period of probation; that it will not be prolonged above eighteen months; that an opportunity of learning those arts which will enable him to earn his bread will be afforded, under the best instructors; that moral and religious knowledge will be imparted to him, as a guide to his future life; that at the end of eighteen months, when a just estimate can be formed of the effect produced by the discipline on his character, he will be sent to Van Diemen's Land, there, if he behave well, at once to receive a ticket-of-leave, which is equivalent to freedom, with a certainty of abundant maintenance, the fruit of industry. If, however, he behave indifferently he will, on being transported to Van Diemen's Land, receive a probationary pass which will secure to him only a limited portion of his earnings, and impose certain galling restrictions on his personal liberty.

"If, on the other hand, he behave ill, and the discipline of the prison be ineffectual, he will be transported to Tasmania's Peninsula, there to work in a probationary gang, without wages, and deprived of liberty—an abject convict."

Pentonville Prison, then, was originally devised as a sort of penal training establishment for convicts sentenced to transportation, and it still retains so much of this character as devotes it to the reception of prisoners who have to undergo the longer terms of servitude which constrain them to the various Government stations in this country.

The place itself differs exceedingly from that gloomy pile at Millbank, whence our brace of felons are now about to be removed. It is true that it stands in an unfinished-looking, bleak, and somewhat melancholy neighbourhood—there may be some influence in all prisons which will affect their surroundings in this way; but the building itself seems to have little in common with the prevailing expression.

Arriving in the early morning at the Caledonian-road station of the North London Railway, the traveller has noticed the presence of blue-frocked, hoarse, and somewhat greasy fellow-passengers, and has heard a sound of lowing and bleating so pastoral in its character that it is unaccountable, except by recollecting that the cattle market lies only at a short distance. For the rest, the whole locality bears the neglected and slovenly appearance of a neighbourhood habitually awakened at preternaturally early hours. The taverns especially seem to resent this condition of existence by an unbraced and slipshod demeanour, and a look of sordid dissipation which the unthinking are too apt to associate with "night-houses." Nothing, on the contrary, can, as a rule, be more (metaphorically) spiritless than the air of an early-rising public-house. But it is neither with the taverns nor their neighbourhood that we have to do; for here is the square, massive entrance to the prison, closed in front, but reached by a gate in the side, to which a broad, paved causeway leads from an iron wicket at the end of the "curtain" wall.

When once the warder's lodge is passed, and the visitor traverses the neat gravel yard, and ascends the flight of white steps leading to the half-glazed door, the imagination wanders between a hospital and a Government office, everything is so quiet and so clean. After entering the governor's waiting-room, and entering his name and the authority by which he receives permission to inspect the building in a book kept for the purpose, he is conveyed by the governor to the care of an intelligent officer, and commences his tour of the prison. Even on a dull, heavy day those four long and lofty corridors are singularly light and pleasant, lighter, indeed, than that occupied by the offices, and from which they spread like the sails of a windmill, or four sticks of a fan.

Here there are no close and stifling passages of solid brickwork, no dark and devious staircases leading to blind entries and double-locked barricades—no faint and sickly smell of long imprisoned air. The smooth, clean floors of asphalt in the lofty arcades are almost an agreeable promise, while the two stories of light and graceful iron galleries which occupy each corridor are reached by slender iron stairs, and there is an open view not only from end to end of the building but from floor to ceiling.

Behind each one of that long series of clean, painted doors, opening on to the ground floor, and the galleries above, a man is working out his sentence for a crime, so that as the circular iron plate which conceals the peephole is removed some of the criminals keep on steadily with their labour, unconscious of being observed; others glance quickly towards the opening, and fall to work again, with the knowledge that a human eye is noting them. One, at least, is already keeping a furtive watch on the square flap which falls in the centre of the door, and through which he is to receive his dose of food.

Still, it is not easy for the visitor who has recently left Millbank to associate this place with suffering, not with physical suffering, certainly; the general effect is too airy and pleasant to suggest even deep depression. This is not, however, the result of the spotless cleanliness which is everywhere so apparent; for, although this is a pleasant accompaniment to the main building, there is something peculiarly blank and hopeless about the smooth and bare surface of the cell walls, something terribly unsympathetic in the rigid monotony of unbroken order which is stamped upon each small detail of the prison furniture.

In every cell the prisoner is working at one or other of the trades which are taught both here and at Millbank. In case of his having undergone a period of confinement at the latter prison, he frequently comes to Pentonville a workman more or less skilled in some handicraft. Weaving cloth and calico for the convict establishments as well as the Navy, shoemaking, mat and rug weaving, and tailoring are the principal occupations; and in every cell the gas is arranged at a height to suit the class of work carried on by the prisoner. The weavers have, of course, less room to move about in than the others, since their looms occupy a large space; but each cell is light, and of a convenient size. The furniture consists of a copper wash basin and a closet pan, both well supplied with water from a tap which is connected with a cistern above the cell; a table flung against the wall, a stool, and the hammock and bedding, neatly rolled up during the day and at night slung to the two staples which, like everything else in the cell, are spotlessly bright and clean. Two or three triangular shelves of deal serve to hold the spoon, platter, tin knife, saltcellar, &c.; and on the table may frequently be seen, beside the Bible, such books as are lent to the prisoners from the library. Entering a cell in the absence of the prisoner who is learning to weave, and is now out for exercise, I see upon the table, beside a copy-book clearly written in short hand, "The Divine Authority of the Scriptures," "Milton's History of England," "Sismondi's Italian Republic," and "Selections from the Poets." It is unnecessary to say that this cell is occupied by a man whose education is superior to that of the average, and that even with these alleviations his punishment may be equal to, if not greater than, that of the merely ignorant ruffian. At Pentonville, as at Millbank, the prisoner is known only by his number, all names are at an end; but in each cell hangs a card inscribed with the previous occupation, date of conviction, and term of sentence of the occupant. Here, as at Newgate, a small handle or button in the wall of the cell communicates with a gong in the corridor, and at the moment that this is struck a metal plate bearing the number of the cell starts out at right angles from the wall outside the door, so that the warder may at once see to what spot he has been summoned.

At six o'clock in the morning the cells are unlocked, and each prisoner is provided with a tub and the means of cleaning his cell. This effected, the corridors, galleries, and entrances are cleaned by separate detachments, each of which is appointed to a particular duty under the inspection of the officers, who watch them either in the corridors or from the light iron bridges which connect the galleries. The cleaning completed with military precision, the men are provided with their tools and materials by the trade instructors, and work in their cells till seven, when the bell rings for breakfast, which consists of three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, made with three-quarters of an ounce of the pure flake and two ounces of milk, and sweetened with six drachms of molasses. From eight to nine o'clock is the hour for chapel, and afterwards the prisoners who are not either in the infirmary or undergoing punishment attend, a section at a time, for school and exercise, resuming their work when they have occupied the hour given to each, and all returning to their cells at twelve o'clock. For the last half hour, it being now upon the stroke of twelve, I have been watching that long line of men, clad in the coarse, greyish-brown prison dress, walking rapidly in single file along the narrow strips of pavement which are laid down in concentric rings in the exercising-yards. There is no lagging, for they are made to move forward at a brisk pace; and although communications occasionally pass between them, even at the distance at which they are separated, it must be difficult to the uninitiated to bestow many confidences on each other. There are four of these airing-grounds; but the men who are under punishment exercise in separate yards—several long-walled and whitewashed alleys all radiating from a central building like a substantial, dome-covered summer-house to the different divisions of the building from which the prisoners are brought. The walls of the "summer-house" just mentioned seem to consist of strong doors, each of which is the end of one of the yards, and can overlook it by means of a wire-guided aperture. It is not there that I am standing, however, but at the very summit of the prison, to which, accompanied by the governor, I have ascended so many spiral staircases that I am not a little giddy. Here the visitor may obtain a bird's-eye view of the grounds, of the divisions of the yards, of the long brown stream of prisoners moving in circles round the brick paths; of the outer walls, where the warders' houses stand like postern-towers; and of that division where some privileged prisoners, whose good conduct entitles them to the small amount of association labour accorded at Pentonville, are busy with spade and barrow.

But twelve strikes, and all the men are once more busy in their cells. There is time before dinner to see the storerooms, where great piles of cloth for convict garments, a stock of "liberty clothes" for discharged prisoners, according to their previous position; and a wonderful assortment of calico, canvas, tweed, and boots and shoes of all makes and sizes, occupy the shelves of a series of apartments below the basement, almost exactly resembling the warehouse of some large City firm.

The most attractive manufacture of Pentonville seems to be ornamental mats and rugs, including hearthrugs. Of these there are an almost endless variety of very superior quality, and many of them of bright colours and handsome patterns. To attend to the storerooms is another privilege of certain associated prisoners, and the bright look which comes into the faces of the men as the governor orders them to display some of the goods they have in charge speaks volumes in favour of such a relaxation of prison rigour in some cases. The other associations are those of the bakers and the cooks, so as dinner-time is approaching and I am promised a convict repast, I hasten to see how the principal meal of the day will be dispensed.

The water for the use of the prison is obtained from an artesian well, and we betide the contractor who should supply an adulterated article for prison diet.

On the journey to the kitchen it is worth while to turn aside to discover the meaning of the aromatic smell which pervades a portion of the offices abutting on one of the yards. It is here that the cocoa nibs are roasted, ground, and flaked, so that there can be no possibility of any spurious admixture. Scarcely less pleasant is the odour from the batch of bread which is just being drawn from the ovens in the bakery. Of the 560 prisoners in Pentonville Prison it may be doubted whether one ever ate bread so pure as that of which he now receives twenty ounces a day. The quality is that known among bakers as the best seconds, but of flour which undergoes a very rigid examination, and with no adulteration in the process of manufacture. The loaves, which lie in long rows, are small, and of the shape known as "bricks."

Having seen and written something of the bakeries of the metropolis, and the bread made in them, I believe that the prison bread of Pentonville is equal if not superior to that which is ordinarily consumed by middle-class families.

There is a slight bustle in the kitchen just now, for the 560 dinners will have to be served in some ten or twelve minutes, and the great coppers of soup are bubbling, and the potatoes are steaming over the hot pipes by which all the cooking is effected; while one of the chefs is already busy cutting and weighing the allowance of meat. Here, too, the assistant cooks are mostly military prisoners, and do their work admirably. The dinner at Pentonville is a good, nourishing, substantial meal, and the soup which is now steaming from the open coppers and making the rather dark underground kitchen still more foggy, is as strong and rich of meat as that usually sold at the best eating-houses in London. *Cris de expert.* The potatoes are of the mealiest and the soup the meatiest that I have tasted for some time past, charity dinners included. The dietary orders include beef and mutton on alternate days, and the liquor of yesterday's boiling is made into to-day's soup by the addition of shins or other coarse parts of beef, carrots, onions, and a little seasoning.

The ordinary rations for dinner are four ounces of cooked meat without bone, half a pint of the soup just mentioned, a pound of potatoes, and five ounces of bread. Men working in association, or those for whom extra diet is ordered, have two pounds of potatoes, while of course the men in the infirmary receive whatever is ordered, even wine or spirits, if necessary.

Several large wooden trays have already been brought forward and filled with round tin cans, each of which contains a partition to divide the meat and potatoes from the soup. When these are filled a wooden flap opens in the floor of the corridor above the kitchen, and they are raised by means of a lifting apparatus, the iron rods of which reach from the bottom to the top of the building. These rations destined for the lower cells are wheeled along the corridors in trucks, while for the upper series the iron rods of the parallel galleries make a tramway, and the trucks are pushed along the corridor with wonderful ease and dispatch. Two officers attend each truck, one of them opens the square flap in the door of each cell, upon which, as it falls inwards and makes a sort of shelf or table, the other deposits the ration, so that the whole of the prisoners are served in an incredibly short space of time.

The afternoon passes principally in the ordinary work of the prison until half-past five, which is the prisoners' supper time. This meal consists of a pint of gruel, made with an ounce and a half of meal and sweetened with six drachms of molasses, together with five ounces of bread. The personal cleanliness of the prisoners is strictly enforced, and a series of baths, inclosed by separate boxes where there is room to dress and undress, occupies a portion of the building. It is no part of my intention to express in these articles any opinion on the relative merits or demerits of "our convict system." I visited these prisons to describe, not to discuss; but I may say without prejudice that at Pentonville, at least, the health and physical comfort of the British felon is better cared for than that of the ordinary British pauper, and receives more earnest attention than that of the British soldier or the British sailor.

The principal distinctions made at Pentonville are between the prisoners who are known to be desperate and dangerous, the unruly criminals sent back from the public works to undergo a second probation, those who are working out their first nine months' preparation, and the men who have conducted themselves so well as to be entitled to a badge and to the advantage of association work. Although corporal punishment is sometimes resorted to, the usual discipline for the worst part of the prisoners is the dark cell and the punishment diet, which consists of only a pound of bread a day and water to drink. This is said to be more effectual than any other method, although many of the old offenders care very little for the "horror"

of the black room, and sleep away the greater part of their time there. These cells are similar to those at Millbank, and are placed under the same regulations.

One of the most common offences is talking in chapel, or otherwise endeavouring to establish communications with another prisoner. It would be idle to suppose that these attempts are always detected, and the utmost vigilance is inadequate to prevent it. The chapel, which is a large square building, was formerly fitted with long seats, divided into entirely separate stalls, concealing the prisoners from each other, the officers occupying very elevated desks commanding the whole area of the floor. These were found inadequate to prevent communication, however, since they in reality gave greater opportunities for the prisoners to conceal their faces, and now only ordinary forms are placed along the ground floor, the seats beside the high pulpit being reserved for the governor and deputy governor. The warders occupy raised seats, similar to those of the monitors' desks at school, which are placed along the walls, so that each officer can overlook about six forms, and it is believed that there is now less talking even under cover of the prayer-book and during the responses. But some of the older prisoners can speak without moving a muscle of the face, and even in the cells various methods of communicating by signal taps upon the wall have been from time to time discovered.

The prisoners are draughted from the chapel by means of a sort of signal-plate which stands in the lobby at the entrance; and is worked in a similar way to the contrivances used in offices for showing the date of the month, by shifting a card opposite a hole in the front of the box. This summons each section of the congregation to return to the cells in proper order.

There is but little time to walk through the clean and airy infirmary, and to visit the violent prisoner who has been placed in the dark, padded cell, for already fresh arrivals are here from Millbank, and our two ruffians among them. He of the lowering face has already received an indifferent character; he is still moody, sullen, and apparently hopeless. His companion looks round him with a mingled expression of indignation and cunning. He will work well and keep quiet, and will get a badge, and finally reduce his sentence by a ticket of leave, but perhaps neither for his own good nor that of the community. They are both standing now with the rest of the prisoners who have come from Millbank handcuffed. The doctor, who has received a certificate of their health, inspects them, presently, asking them a few questions, and is followed by the two governor, who speaks to them kindly but firmly of the discipline and regulations of the prison. After a short address from the chaplain, they are marshalled into one or two rooms, previous to stripping for examination and the bath, a regulation necessary to prevent them from concealing any article of which they may have contrived to possess themselves, and particularly letters, of which they will be allowed to receive one from their friends every three months, subject to good conduct and the inspection of all letters (either sent or received) by the governor and chaplain. The two whose period of servitude has here reached its second stage are assigned to separate corridors. One of them (the intractable) standing with folded arms and clenched hands in the very middle of his cell, glaring like some sullen, half-tamed brute who will presently dash itself against the door. The other is seated on his stool, looking on the ground; but he gets up presently and turns carelessly to a printed form which hangs against the wall with the card already mentioned. This is a "Notice to Convicts," explaining how he may receive a visit from his friends after a certain period of good conduct; how he may receive a diet superior to that already described; how he may, by industry and similar good conduct, become entitled to a badge, which will entitle him to certain privileges, the principal of which will at first be his recommendation to the gratuities that are placed to the credit of certain prisoners, and may be increased at each stage until, when he reaches the public works, they will amount to about two pence a week for the whole time of his subsequent servitude; and how he may, if he persevere in his good endeavours, be placed in such a position on his removal to the public works that the term for which he is sentenced may be shortened one fourth by a ticket of leave. The new prisoner is only disturbed from his contemplation of these advantages by the arrival of his supper, and as the can of gruel is pushed in at the open trap it may be conjectured that he is already looking beyond the probation of Pentonville, and anticipating the outdoor labour of the Isle of Portland, whither I intend to follow him.

In concluding this description of the two first stages of penal servitude, it is necessary to mention that the illustrations of Millbank Prison printed in last week's number are from Mr. Mayhew's valuable and interesting book, "Criminal Prisons of London," published by Messrs. Griffin, Bohn, and Co. The present writer having compared his own impressions and some of the information he had obtained with those portions of the above work which treat particularly of these two prisons, was glad to find many of his observations confirmed. "The Criminal Prisons of London and Scenes of Prison Life" includes a larger mass of most valuable and interesting information about prison discipline in general than has ever before been brought together in the compass of a single volume.

"THE FLUTE REHEARSAL."

In the picture from which our Engraving is taken, M. Boulanger has given us an example of that luxurious domestic life which was carried to its highest perfection in Pompeii. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is a reproduction, but fuller of life and colour, of those scenes which have been preserved by collecting in the gallery of the Louvre the wall decorations of some of the buried houses. In these old pictures (portions of the very walls themselves) we find depicted figures of everyday life, as well as poetical symbols, nymphs, and goddesses; and it is the very faithfulness of detail which gives value to M. Boulanger's picture, while the breadth and grace of the drawing prove that he has the perceptions of a highly-educated artist. This flute rehearsal was a very important matter where the music of this particular instrument accompanied those exquisite and lavish banquets for which earth, air, and sea were ransacked to find delicacies. Eating, amongst the soft and luxurious Pompeians, was a pleasure to which all the senses must be attuned, and the melody of the flutes coming faintly from some distant gallery fitly soothed the almost satiated gourmands. This was one of the great ends of music; but there are numerous remains in the buried cities which show that it was also regarded by the highly educated as an accomplishment which was so closely allied to poetry as to be almost inseparable from it. The harp and flute, however, were the most perfect and the most usual instruments, as better fitted for the soft or lively airs which generally accompanied a feast; and on these even the indolent nobles and the haughty dames frequently displayed a proficiency which could only have been the result of continued practice.

SPEECH DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Monday was speech day at Christ's Hospital. The Lord Mayor and several members of the Corporation attended service at Christ Church, Newgate-street, and heard a sermon there preached by the Rev. W. Romanis, M.A. The service over, his Lordship and other members of the Corporation proceeded to the hall of the hospital, where the speeches were delivered. The oration in praise of the founders was delivered by Mr. J. H. Wylie. There was not much of novelty in the proceedings.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—The weekly meeting of the Central Executive Relief Committee was held on Monday in the Manchester Town-hall.—Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., in the chair. The hon. secretary reported that the balance in the bank was £292,691 18s. 3d., and that £379 2s. 4d. had been received during the week. The report presented by Mr. Farnall stated, "That on the 12th instant there was a decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in twenty-seven unions in the cotton-manufacturing districts, as compared with the number so relieved in the previous week, of 800. The pauperism of this week is less by 24,555 than that of the corresponding week of 1862. The total weekly cost of outdoor relief on the 12th inst. was £2647 3s. 1d.; in the corresponding week of 1861 it was £2257 10s. 7d.; there is, therefore, an increase of £6379 6s. 63d., or 281.3 per cent. In the corresponding week of 1862 it was £10,026 6s. 11d. The amount of money in the hands of the treasurers of the above unions on the 12th instant was £93,568 4s. 8d. Mr. Maclure, hon. sec., reported that the number of able-bodied men relieved by the relief committees was 22,932; able-bodied women, 37,647; children under six years of age, 34,294; aged persons, 5124; total relieved by the relief committees, 119,997. Several grants were made, and the meeting then adjourned.



"THE FLUTE-PLAYER."—(FROM A PICTURE BY G. LOULANIER.)

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.

THIS is our picture of the slow boy, unpoetical enough himself, yet known to our great poet as "Creeping like Snail unwillingly to school." What a pity that Shakspeare had no opportunity of meeting Darwin! for, be sure if he had, he would at once have discovered that this unpromising youth not only crept like snail, but that he was "Snail," or, at least, Snail's lineal descendant; that, developing through dark ages long past, from "Dunce's cap and a sleepy old Pegg-top into a mollusc on a garden wall, his fortune had been to grow up, under the auspices of Lord Stanley and the educational minute, into this identical Master Properjohn creeping unwillingly to school. Is it not a pity that all our schooling should ever turn up this as a result? Now, if they could only shove the young creeper on a little farther, so as to make his lessons of some avail to him, educational minutes might be worth the paper they are written on. As it is, were a few hundred thousand of our Master Properjohns made to "throw back" on to the original garden wall, they would do less harm to the espaliers in our gardens than they are likely to do to our little boys and girls who favour the same school; and if we could, at the same time, throw back the schoolmasters and their patrons into the fine old Donkey from which they spring, good might result to said sons and daughters in cheap donkeymanship on Ramsgate Sands and elsewhere.

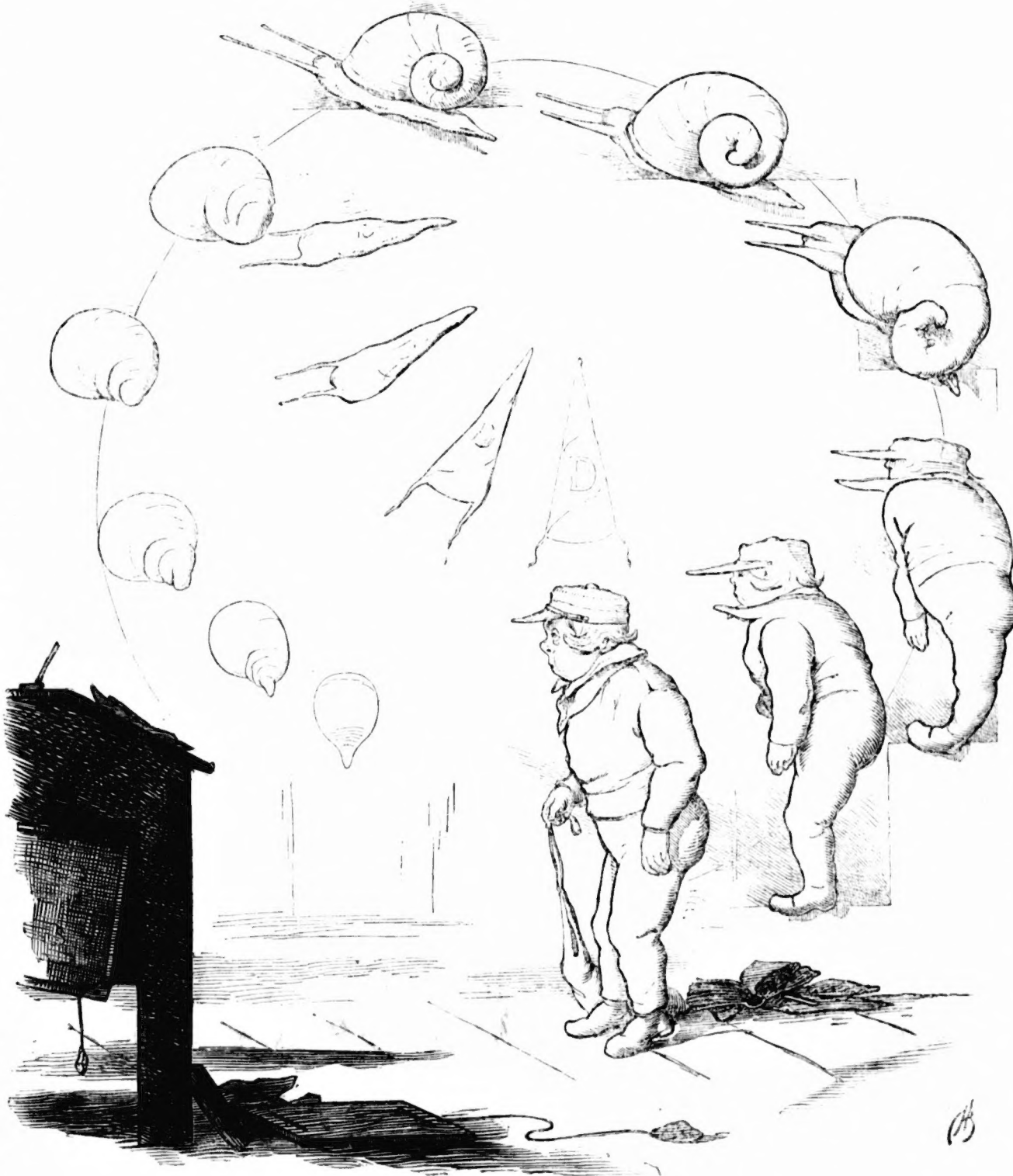
C.H.B.

BIARRITZ.

THE French Court is keeping a long holiday at Biarritz; and while the autumn days continue so bright and warm even in Paris it is scarcely probable that returning tourists will yet make their appearance.

It need scarcely be mentioned that a very goodly company of our own countrymen and countrywomen have spent part (at least) of the season at the favourite resort of the Empress; and, indeed, it would be difficult to find a place where a week or two could be passed with more satisfaction. In the first place—and this is a great recommendation, of course—there is very

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



No. 18.—UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

little Court etiquette observed; and their Imperial Majesties live very much as other people do, and move about visiting the different places of interest, or strolling on the beach or the slopes, almost unattended. Of course the whole district is familiar to the Empress,

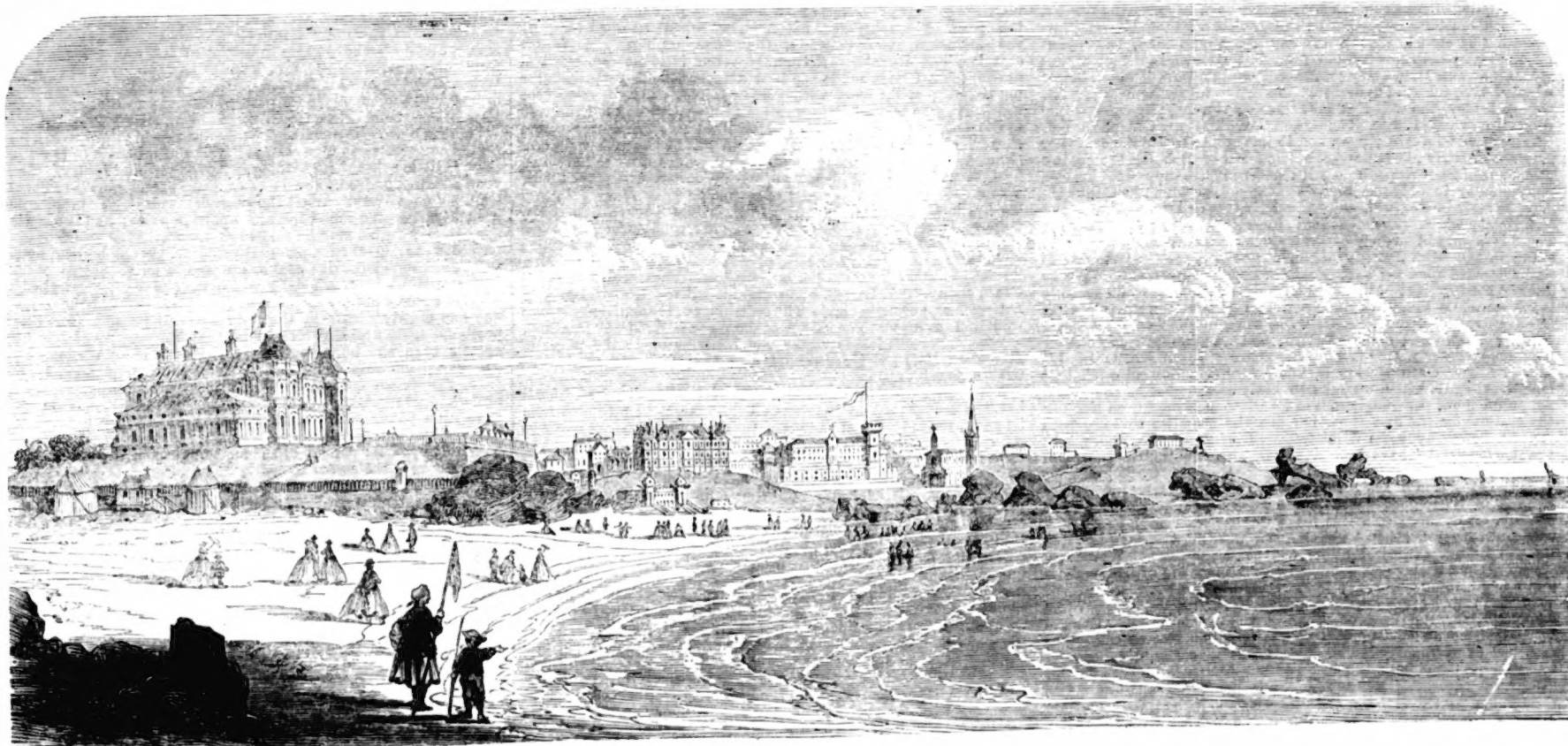
the Abbe Cestac at Bayonne, and intended as a sort of penitentiary to receive the most unfortunate class of young women. Those poor outcasts who desired to reform were received as *filles repenties* at the Orphan Asylum at Bayonne, and the Abbe, aided by his sister,

who lived here as Eugénie Montijo long before she thought of occupying her present exalted station. The very morning after her arrival she was seen walking about the town or on the beach between the Imperial residence and the Port Vieux, the celebrated bathing-place.

Twenty years ago Biarritz was an insignificant, sandy, woody looking village; to-day it is a handsome town, increasing in size and splendour, containing handsome hotels, lodging-houses, and cafés, and crowded with gaily-dressed visitors.

It has been said a hundred times that wherever the Parisian goes there he will reproduce Paris, and the truth of this is especially striking at Biarritz. The casino, the coffee-rooms, the ices, the newspapers, the restaurants, and the theatre—where favourite performers appear every night—all serve to carry the mind back to the beloved boulevard. The streets of this charming watering-place are even more gay than those of the capital, with their varieties of French and Spanish costumes (some of them brilliant in colour), their sparkling bazars, and the constant clatter of char-a-bancs, omnibuses, and coaches. The most notable resorts of the visitors are so near at hand, too—the whole delight of the place lies within so small a compass. The Cambo, Roland's Pass, the Chambre d'Amour, the valley which echoed to Charlemagne the death blast on the horn announcing the fall of the warrior in Rencesvalles—all are reached so easily.

Then there is the votive chapel on the crags of San Marcial, where a lamp burns to commemorate the victory of the Spanish army in the war of independence; and two singular religious establishments, the "Servants of Marie," to which is joined the sisterhoods of the "Repenties," and that of the "Bernardines." These are all at some little distance from the town, the first of them having been originally founded by



THE VILLA EUGENIE AT BIARRITZ.

subsequently founded, at his own expense, the present establishment on the sandy plain between Anglet and Biarritz. The sisterhood of "Servants of Marie," with their charges, the "Repenties," number about five hundred and fifty—the first having entered the establishment for life, the latter, if they desire it, only for a term. In exquisite or plain needlework, light carpentry, and farm labour in their own gardens, poultry-yards, and dairies, the women are constantly employed, a certain number of them, however, being appointed to teach the children of the poorer classes. The Servants of Marie wear a blue dress, with the veil and rosary, but the "Repenties" are provided with a shawl marked with a white cross, and wear the ordinary handkerchief head-dress of the Basque peasantry.

More stern and secluded are the Bernardines, who live in silent rigour amidst their straw huts, performing common field labour upon the land which they have contrived to render fertile. They may be seen with their robes of undyed wool, marked with a blue cross upon the shoulders, stooping at their work on the way towards the *Chambre d'Amour* and the lighthouse.

Of the new buildings at Biarritz, of course one of the most attractive is the new Imperial residence, or, as it is now called, the Villa Eugénie, at the entrance of the town.

The villa is nearly at the water's edge, and stands on a terrace, the base of which at high tides is beaten by the sea. A few years ago, the piece of land attached to it was but a sandy plain. It is now covered with verdure and shrubs; is inclosed by wooden palisades, and is irrigated by means of small canals, which are fed from an artificial lake at a short distance.

This handsome residence is admirably in keeping with the other buildings in its vicinity, the principal of which is a special bathing-establishment, devoted to the use of their Majesties.

TWO NEW ORATORIOS.

THE truth of the vulgar proverb, "It never rains but it pours," has just received a new illustration at the provincial musical festivals. Year after year we go on complaining that our great choral societies persist in giving the same eternal oratorios (eternal in more senses than one), and now we are suddenly favoured with two new works within a fortnight. Still more remarkable is it that one of these should have been represented at a festival of the three choirs, a time-honoured charitable institution, famed for its adherence to routine and precedent. The press has for years been constantly urging upon the directors of the quiet and comfortable musical meetings which are annually held in some one of the three cathedral cities in question to do something for art as well as for charity, and to attempt, at least, some fresher novelty than "The Messiah" or "The Dettingen Te Deum." We question whether any such suggestion will be repeated for some time to come. The respected organs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford need not worry themselves with the task of deciphering new scores, but may devote all their leisure to the study of the four or five masterpieces of which the normal festival programmes are composed. In this particular instance the new oratorio has not proved unremunerative; but then it is said, and with very plausible reason, that all the tickets were bought up by one gentleman for distribution among his friends; and rumour, moreover, whispers that the benevolent individual in question is no other than the munificent patron who last autumn paid all the expenses of the splendid performance of Herr Schachner's work at Exeter Hall. As we noticed the oratorio, or sacred cantata, as we should perhaps rather style it, at the time of its production, we shall not again enter into a discussion of its merits; for, although it has only been once before performed in England, it is no longer a novelty to the musical amateurs of London. We protested at the time of its production against the tone adopted by several of our contemporaries in condemning it as being didactic instead of dramatic. It has no dramatic interest, because it is not intended to be dramatic. To complain of "Israel's Return from Babylon" on the score of its being didactic is about as reasonable as it would be to condemn a sermon for its lack of dramatic interest. Herr Schachner certainly cannot be accused of treating his subject in too heavy a style. In the choruses he has carefully avoided the employment of the *fugue*, the severest form of writing, except in two instances; but even in these he has abstained from working the subjects with any elaboration. The oratorio, on the other hand, abounds in choruses of a light and joyful character, while the concerted pieces are eminently simple and melodious. The solos, we fear, have scarcely individuality enough to make them seize the public taste; but an evening hymn "Hark! 'tis the breeze of twilight," a well-written specimen of a "canon on the octave," will unquestionably become highly popular. Even here the composer seems to have been most anxious to avoid excessive seriousness, for the melody is at least as well adapted for a *berceuse* as for a hymn. It is, however, suave and effective, and, lying well within the means of ordinary amateurs, will be gladly welcomed on many dull Sunday evenings, when a "little music to serious words" is attempted, in order to beguile the heavy time away.

If "Israel's return from Babylon" is to be described as a didactic oratorio, "Joah" is certainly entitled to the epithet of dramatic. And in this we find a certain fitness; for the one, a sermon, was preached in a cathedral, while the other, an opera, was performed in a concert-hall. We use the term advisedly when we style Mr. Silas's work an opera; for it is so essentially dramatic that it may be better described as theatrical. Whether it proceeds from a frantic desire to achieve popularity at any cost, or from the natural bent of his inclination, or from a theory that a "sacred drama," as "Joah" is styled, should, like any other lyric play, be made as effective as possible, we know not; but it is certain that almost without an exception every "member" of the work is much better adapted to opera than to oratorio. Athaliah being the heroine, Mr. George Linley, the writer of the libretto, has unhappily entered into direct competition with Racine, and Mr. Silas with Mendelssohn. The text is wretchedly poor, and to this circumstance the composer may not unfairly attribute part of his failure. But for the greater part he is himself responsible. He seems to have suppressed his own individuality in order to reproduce the forms which he thinks are most popular in England, and his work betrays all the weakness and uncertainty which we believe to be invariably the result of insincerity. There is plenty of melody of a very commonplace character to be found in the work; plenty of "new and strange" harmonies to strike harshly upon the ear; plenty of novel instrumental effects to interest the listener; but there is scarcely a piece that could possibly touch or affect him deeply. From this general condemnation we must except a six-part chorus, "Oh, worship the Lord," as being cleverly written and really effective; and also two prayers, one for soprano, "Suffer not, O Lord," the other "Teach me, O Lord," both of which are melodious, while both are imbued with that devotional spirit which we miss so sadly in the rest of the work. An acrimonious person ignorant of its authorship might, on hearing the oratorio for the first time, imagine the melodies to have been written down by some admirer *quand même* of Mr. Balfe, and the harmonies to have been added by some inattentive pupil of Mendelssohn.

In the execution of their works the two composers were not equally fortunate. Some good star seems to watch over Herr Schachner's destiny, for on both occasions his work has been performed with extraordinary perfection. The choruses were most admirably given by the united cathedral choirs of the three cities, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, assisted by a contingent from Birmingham and a few leading choristers from London. The band, too, played very well; and great credit is due to Mr. Done, the organist and conductor, for the good execution of the whole work. Such a vocal quartet as that formed by the principal singers cannot be matched in Europe. Mdlle. Titiens was in splendid voice, and took infinite pains with the work of her compatriot; Miss Palmer sang with admirable feeling; Mr. Sims Reeves exerted himself as though his part had been a good instead of a bad one; and the glorious tenor-like notes of Mr. Santley's high baritone voice rang nobly through the cathedral aisles. Mr. Silas, as we have said, was less lucky. Mdlle. Titiens and Miss Palmer were both hoarse during all the Norwich festival, and we cannot accept Mr. Montem

Smith as *primo tenore*. Mr. Weiss's deep voice told well in the three ballads with which he was entrusted, and Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington sang deliciously throughout the work. The orchestra and chorus, highly efficient in themselves, would have been more successful had Mr. Silas left the baton in the hands of Mr. Benedict, who conducted all the other performances.

The mention of the conductor's name brings us to the second novelty of the Norwich festival. This, a cantata, entitled "Richard Cœur de Lion," proved as successful as the oratorio was the reverse, and is quite worthy to be placed side by side with "Undine," a similar work by the same composer, brought out at the last festival. The librettist is Mr. Oxenford, who has again displayed his skill in the neat construction of a plot, and his tact in writing words which are well adapted for musical illustration. Intending the minstrel Blondel for the tenor and the lion-hearted King for the baritone, the writer required two other characters to make up the customary quartet. For the contralto he has, of course, taken a supposititious page, while for the soprano he has invented Castellan's daughter, who falls desperately in love with her father's prisoner and assists him to escape. He has also introduced, very ingeniously, the legend of the White Lady, and in such a manner that the superstitious terror caused by the apparition favours the flight of the King. Nothing could be more brilliantly effective than the overture, the two leading subjects of which are afterwards recognised as important parts of the work. Equally charming, in different style, is the introduction, including a bright and fascinating chorus, in waltz time, for the dancing peasants, an antiphonal episode that serves to lead to a quaint and pretty contralto song, "A hundred years ago," descriptive of the legend of the "Dame Blanche," and a resumption, with slight variations, of the original theme. Matilda's *scena* is of the conventional type, and includes a slow movement, "Gentle shade," that merits special mention. The tenor ballad that follows, "I wander in search for treasure," is yet more graceful; and this in its turn must give place to the song, "May is into prison cast," with which Blondel seeks, for the hundredth time, to find the kindly object of his search. Mr. Benedict has been singularly happy in imagining this "Old World" melody, which is again repeated as a duet for the minstrel and his master, and the refrain of which is triumphantly taken up in the final chorus to denote the prisoner's fortunate rescue. Before this, however, comes a pretty piquant arietta for the page, "What's all this?" and also a soldiers' chorus, impressed with the true Weberian stamp, and worthy the pen of Mr. Benedict's gifted master. The cast comprised the names of Mdlle. Titiens, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley; and the general execution was above reproach.

With the exception of these three novelties, neither festival presented any features worthy of notice. Both, however, have been unusually successful in a pecuniary sense, and by both the local charities will be largely benefited.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE HAYMARKET reopened on Monday with "Founded on Facts," "Charles XII.," "The Bengal Tiger," and the "Galician Fête." The interior has been so entirely altered and renovated that its oldest habitués would find it difficult to recognise. Comfort and cleanliness reign supreme. The old iron, old coverings, and old horsehair have been swept away to the more congenial regions of the ragshop. Altogether, it is impossible to congratulate Mr. Buckstone sufficiently on the clean sweep that he has made. The dress circle has been remodelled, the partitions between the boxes have been removed, and the walls covered with a gray and gold coloured paper, and the seats—no longer schoolboys' forms, badly stuffed and bristling—are large and handsome chairs covered with Utrecht velvet. A man may now sit in the Haymarket Theatre without having to double his legs under him or to place them sideways, unconscious of his coat-tails, and unmindful of the immediate neighbourhood of crinoline. Two new staircases lead to the stalls, to which another row has been added; and here the same ample provision has been made for gentlemen favoured by nature with lengthy lower limbs and ladies condemned by fashion to perpetual immersion in enormous skirts. The bones of the visitors to the gallery have been also protected from abrasion. There are backs to all the seats, and—crowning comfort!—the basket-women have been abolished, and have gone their way with the dirt and inconvenience of the late *salle*. Of the performance on the opening night there is little need to speak. Mr. Compton's Mr. Sceptic is familiar to the public, and Mr. Wigan, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Wigan have so recently personated their respective characters in "Charles XII." and in "The Bengal Tiger" that their merits are still fresh in the memory. "Finesse" is to be revived on Monday, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are shortly to appear in a new comedy written by Mr. Leicester Buckingham. The reappearance of Lord Dundreary does not take place, I believe, before Christmas.

At DRURY LANE a new serio-comic drama, called "The Deal Boatman," has been produced, and, from the applause at the termination of each act and the loud call for the author, we should unhesitatingly say with great success, had not experience made us distrustful of "first-night" enthusiasm. The story of the new drama is briefly told—Mary Vance, an orphan adopted by old Jacob Vance, a Deal boatman, is on the point of marriage with Mat Bramber, a young fisherman, but prefers flight with a gentleman, *pur sang*, of the name of Edmund Leslie, the nephew of Sir John Houghton. A treacherous tutor—one George Prescott, M.A.—reveals the marriage of the lovers to the proud Baronet, who is on the point of disinheriting his nephew when he discovers, by the means of two portraits, that the orphan girl is his own long-lost daughter. Neither plot nor incident can boast of novelty; but I am bound to say that a full audience listened to the unravelment of the story with great interest. Mr. Belmore—the gentleman who made so favourable an impression at the Princess's as the Sofy in an adaptation from Miss Braddon's novel of "Aurora Floyd"—appeared for the first time in one of those characters of mingled humour, good nature, and pathos which have so long been held to be the especial property of Mr. Webster, and played with a depth of conception and power of execution that fairly delighted his auditors, who summoned him twice before the curtain. Mr. Belmore is evidently no mere *farceur*, only capable of the comic and somewhat ignoble angle of dramatic character, but a genuine artist who can sound every note of passion and of feeling. Mrs. Edmund Falconer personated a homely housekeeper with her accustomed ability. Mr. Barrett was a dignified Baronet, and Miss Rose Leclercq a very charming bride. The remainder of the *dramatis personæ* were well sustained. The author of the piece is Mr. F. C. Burnand, the well-known burlesque writer and contributor to the pages of *Punch* and *Fun*; and I understand that this is his first attempt at the "serious" drama.

A new farce, with the suggestive title of "Where's your Wife?" has been brought out at the STRAND. As might be predicted from its name, the imbroglio of the piece turns on the escapades of two married men during the absence of their respective mates. The farce is a farce in the broadest sense, and here and there I thought allusions were made that would have been better avoided; but, as that was evidently not the opinion of the audience, who laughed heartily throughout, I suppose I was in error. I may congratulate the management of this little theatre on the acquisition of Mr. Vollaire—an admirable actor, possessed of the true *vis comica*, and apparently totally unconscious of his own powers. He and Mr. Belford, as the two husbands, were as funny as could be desired. Miss Maria Simpson, as one injured wife disguised, was all that is—according to popular superstition—servant-gallish; and Miss Louisa Thorne, as the other, all that could be graceful and charming. The whole piece is a triumph of what a Frenchman might call comic conjugal error, atoned at last by the discovery that the two wives have only been applying a dangerous test to the conduct of their husbands at a bal masqué.

I am glad to record the complete success of Miss A. Wilton (a sister of the celebrated Miss Marie Wilton), who made her début on Tuesday at the New Royal Theatre. The trifling piece of the "Little Sentinel" affords but small scope for display of talent;

but the new candidate for public favour invested it with her own charms. So much elegance, archness, and vivacity cannot fail to reach the highest round of the ladder of dramatic popularity, and I shall be somewhat impatient till I see her in a part more worthy of her.

Literature.

Eleanor's Victory. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Aurora Floyd," &c. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

What, in the name of goodness gracious and other influential parties—what is a sensation story? A story, to be sure, in which *suspense* is the main trick; a story in which the reader is kept in the same sort of fever as the gambler or the witness of a bull-fight. It is as artificial as a gladiatorial show or a Blondin dance; for a story may cause strong sensations, like the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Amber Witch," or "Undine," and yet not be a sensation story, because it is so simple. And thus we see the old lesson brought home to our doors again. We have only to scratch civilisation with a pin to find the barbarism underneath. A mere sensation-monger is a clever, trained savage, catering for savages less clever. The question is at what point does the sensation-monger rise into the artist? And, next, to which of the two schools, Pagan or Christian, does the artist belong? And here we have to set right a point as to which our contemporary, the *Saturday* reviewer, is in error. He complains of the suddenness of Eleanor's "swooping round in a few pages" to the doctrine of forgiving injuries. He seems to think, though he does not use that illustration, that Eleanor is converted after the manner of the miser in the old stage direction, "*Here the miser leans against the side-scenes and grows generous*;" and that a more fitting termination to such a tale would have been one embodying that other stage direction, "*Here the characters all stab one another and die, leaving the stage as bloody as may be*." But the reviewer is wrong, for we are expressly told, on page 231 of vol. iii., that "she did not abandon her idea of vengeance all at once; but little by little, by very slow degrees, her mind became reconciled to the idea that she had failed in her scheme of retribution, and that there was nothing left her but to try and justify herself in the sight of the husband she loved." We should like to see our contemporary's excuses upon this little matter.

"Eleanor's Victory" is founded on one of the best ideas that ever entered a novelist's head. Our contemporary calls it "bright;" but a young daughter with her father's murderer to hunt out and punish is more than a "bright" conception—it is truly tragic. It may very well happen that the writer to whom it has occurred should some day give all the critics the slip and come down upon them with a truly great work. It is, in fact, not so easy as it may appear to do justice to a book like this of Miss Braddon.* It is unquestionably a good novel, well worth reading, and not easily to be forgotten. It is free from all the coarser elements of "sensation," containing nothing worse than forgery. It is written with a clearness and a straightforwardness which are of themselves striking merits. It has a real, vividly-wrought story in it. It has some capital character-sketching. We said on a former occasion that Miss Braddon had already taken the question of productive power out of our hands. And, this being said, the reader may well ask what more is wanted? Let us, at any rate, glance at the plot.

A good-natured old spendthrift of a father is receiving an allowance from a daughter by a first wife—an allowance for himself. He has one daughter by a second wife—Eleanor, the heroine, now a girl of fifteen—and he also receives at the opening of the story a remittance from the same person, the half-sister, on behalf of Eleanor. The money is accompanied by solemn warnings to take care of it. The old man vows he will, and resents as a cruel injury the suggestion that he may, possibly, let even this intrusted money slip through his fingers. Yet that is just what he does. Being forced to hold it in his possession for a few hours, he permits himself to be robbed of it by a gambler—Lancelot Davrell, the villain of the tale. Overwhelmed by remorse and self-scorn, the weak old fellow takes poison, and bequeathes by a letter to his daughter the task of avenging him upon the gambler.

Eleanor is a young creature to have such a bequest made to her, and it becomes necessary to show how the dreadful trust transforms her nature, and how her acceptance of it operates in poisoning any relation—such, for example, as that of a wife—which she afterwards assumes. But, besides this, the clues she possesses towards the discovery of the scoundrel are trivial in the extreme. How she uses these in the pursuit of her revenge has also to be shown. And, lastly, when the hated man is discovered, and a *crime*—not simply an injury, but a breach of the law—has put him in her power, it becomes necessary to exhibit Eleanor in the hour of her "victory" in such a light as not to revolt modern sympathies. To do all this it will be admitted no ordinary ingenuity is required.

But what is chiefly requisite, and what is chiefly displayed (for in the detail this story is open to much criticism), is a dramatic grasp of the elements of the tale. And this Miss Braddon exhibits in a very remarkable degree. In saying, as we have said before, that Miss Braddon's stories are highly dramatic, we have not intended to suggest that their plots would bear transferring bodily to the boards. A tale is dramatic, instead of epic, when the total action lies within a swiftly-returning curve, and when the subordinate activities of it are subject each to a similar law. You might carry on "Tom Jones" almost indefinitely; but you could not very well serve the story of "Hamlet" like that. There is, from the first, a certain bounded game to be played out, and the pieces confront one another upon the board in attitudes which promise "situations." In this respect—in this decided preference of the dramatic to the more epic (or processional) mode of telling a story—Miss Braddon stands, we think, alone among recent novelists.

There is one other prominent particular in which she writes like a person accustomed to take "stage" views of things. In her stories there is little exhibition of wrong except as personal injury. This is very striking, indeed, and it is eminently "stagey"—using the word not offensively. What the stage demands is, of course, action, promptly sweeping round from its apellion point; and in this sense the ordinary drama may be said to be *immoral*, for it has no room for conscience apart from personal relations. In the highest tragedy this is not so, of course; and it seems possible that Miss Braddon may rise to at least a height which may prevent our feeling the want of strictly ethical elements of conception in what she produces. She has clearly discerned the nature of all passion (for Eleanor proclaims to an expostulating friend that the purpose of her life is greater than she is), as giving the individual an *ekstasis*—or, standing-point outside himself. And, so read, passion is Fate. Now, the pagan conception will never permanently satisfy the modern mind; but, so long as cynicism has escaped, it may be worked out with a power which shall keep the mind fully inflated while the spell is on. And there seems no danger of Miss Braddon becoming cynical; for one of the most obvious of the characteristics of her books is their good temper.

"Eleanor's Victory" is not, of course, free from small faults. Mr. George Combe had only one "o" in his name. We know nothing of the murder of "Mr. Ware" either. Nor do we understand why Eleanor should have written to Eliza at the Pilasters (p. 255, vol. iii.) when Eleanor herself had (p. 204, vol. ii.) removed Eliza from the Pilasters to Dudley-street. It is of course possible, however, that we may have overlooked some reason for this.

* The authoress of these novels having, as it seemed to us, carefully abstained from giving on her titlepages, and so on, any clue to her sex, we have hitherto refrained from speaking of her as a lady—which has sometimes cost us a good deal of pains in turning our phraseology. But now, since nobody follows our example, and every reviewer writes of "Miss Braddon," we see no use in taking so much trouble.

IN 1851 there were 3,015,634 married women in England and Wales; in 1861 there were 3,488,952. The number of wives who were under twenty-five years of age when the census was taken in 1851 was 290,034; but in 1861 the number had risen to 350,919.

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HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUSES, &c.
BUTLER and M'CULOCH's choice Selections suitable for the Decoration of the Greenhouse or Flower Garden, 4s. 2d. 10s., 2s., and 4s. 6d., carriage-free. Prices are of which are given in their Catalogue or Amateur's Guide, sent free upon application. Butler and M'CULOCH, Covent-garden Market, London.

A BEAUTIFUL WAX DOLL, 24 inches long, with moving eyes, packed in a neat willow-work basket-cradle, with rackets, complete, sent to any part of England free for 5s. A. 3s. 6d., 7s. 6d., or 10s. 6d. Box of assorted Penny Toys, free to railway stations.
WHITLEY'S German Fair, 2, Westbourne-place, W.

OSWEGO PREPARED CORN, for Puddings, Custards, Blancmanges, &c. Manufactured and Perfected by T. KINGSFORD and SON, of Oswego, State of New York.
It is the Original Preparation from the Farina of Maine, established in 1840, commands the highest price from the Trade, and offers the best value to the Consumer.
It is a quarter stronger than any of the imitations, has a finer grain, and is more delicate.
The Oswego has the natural golden tinge, and not the chalk white produced by artificial process.
Agents—Kren, Robinson, Bellville, and Co., Garlick-lane, London; William Boller and Co., 85, Piccadilly, Manchester.

BROWN and POLSON'S PATENT CORN FLOUR.
Packets, 4d.
Counterfeit cheap qualities closely resemble the form of packet.

STARCH MANUFACTURERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's-inn-road, in the immediate vicinity of the Great Northern Railway Terminus at King's-cross.
The Committee earnestly solicit the ASSISTANCE of the benevolent, as the premises of this Hospital are capable of containing several hundred more beds had the Committee the requisite funds to maintain them.
Contributions are received by the Treasurer, Edward Masterman, Esq., Nicholas-lane; and at the Hospital from 10 till 5.
STAFFORD S. SMITH, Sec.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD.
NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
In consequence of the immediate Extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway across Ludgate-hill, the Committee have been compelled to REMOVE their OFFICES to 100, FLEET-STREET, where, from this date, all communications are to be addressed.
By Order of the Committee,
May 5, 1863. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

CONSUMPTION, and all nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. In every stage, are only aggravated and accelerated by medicine of every description, but perfectly curable by

DR. BARRY'S HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARAHICA FOOD, as proved by thousands of cases which had been considered hopeless. We quote a few—
"Cure No. 46,270. Mr. James Roberts, of Framley, Surrey, of thirty years' disease, spitting of blood, liver derangement, and partial deafness—Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, giddiness, loss of appetite, and nervous fancies—Cure No. 54,816. The Rev. James T. Campbell, Falkham, Norfolk, of indigestion and torpidity of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment."—In time, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 12 lb., 22s.; 24 lb., 40s.—Barry Dr. Barry and Co., 77, New-street, London; 35, Place Vendôme, Paris; and 12, Rue d'Empereur, Brussels; and all Grocers and Chemists.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL (this Week) to Dr. LOCKE'S PULMONIC WAFERS, from Mr. Evans, Chemist, Dorchester, Sept. 21, 1863. Persons are constantly expressing the great benefit they have received from the Wafers. They give instant relief and a rapid cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, and all disorders of the throat and lungs. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE E. Y. A. SILKS.
Registered at Stationers' Hall.
This remarkable garment combines a Lady's Jacket and Vest in an ingenious manner, presenting a most elegant and pretty effect, and which by means of an elastic band at the figure, the Garment introduced in the autumn of 1861, was generally welcomed and largely patronised as appearing a step in the right direction; but the E. Y. A. exhibits an appearance of tastefulness and skill which is altogether wanting in the Garment, and can be worn on any occasion in place of the high dress or the E. Y. A. Vest, being the invention of Mr. Peter Robinson, cannot be furnished from any other house.
A complete assortment now ready.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street, W.

PATTERNS POST-FREE.
NEW FANCY SILKS, from 30s. to 30 guineas.
Rich Dark-coloured Pompadours, 27s. 6d.
Cadmire Girdles, 27s. 6d.
Self-coloured French Girdles, in 33 New Shades, 27s. 6d.
Extra Full Dress of 14 yards.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street, W.

A NEW FABRIC SUITABLE FOR
EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES.
The "Gossamer Cloth," either plain or figured, every colour, from 9s. 6d. to 14s. 9d. the extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

BEST ABERDEEN WINCEYS, 2s. 3d. per yard, all colours.
Among which are several shades of a decided Novelty and most brilliant Effects.
A choice of 3000 pieces for selection.
Also, a very useful quality at 12s. 6d. the Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

A VAST COLLECTION OF
RICH AUTUMN DRESSES, of British and Foreign Manufacture, perfectly new, and the highest novelty in fashion, from 2s. 6d. to 3 guineas the extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

SEVERAL HUNDRED WASHING
GREENADINE DRESSES, (Pure White), Striped, Plaided, or Plain, from 9s. 6d. to 14s. 9d. the extra Full Dress.
These goods are remarkably cheap.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, &c.
The Spring orders to the manufacturers for these goods have now been delivered. From being early in the market with our orders, before the manufacturers were busy, we are enabled to send patterns for comparison at prices very little higher than we are now obliged to buy.
Fine Welsh Flannels, from 14d. to 4s. 6d.
Stout Dutch (for charities), 9d. to 14d.
Witney and Bath Blankets (24 yards long), from 8s. 9d. to 4 guineas.
Charities and Public Institutions supplied at Manufacturers' prices.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

THE BEST GLOVES, Bajou's Best Paris Kid, 2s. 1d. per pair (from 27 stamps), in all sizes and colours, and pair warranted.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 105, Oxford-street.

100 PATTERNS SILKS, POST-FREE.
All the New Coloured Silks for Autumn, plain and figured, from 1 guinea the Dress.
At NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

10,000 YARDS BLACK SILKS, comprising every description and width of Black Goods, Gros Grains, Moire Antiques, Gros de Sues, &c., the colour and durability of which are guaranteed. Patterns free.
NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

2500 YARDS FRENCH FOULARD SILKS, the very best quality, 30 inches wide, 10 yards for 18s. 9d. Any length or width.
NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard.

BABY LINEN, one third less than usual prices.
One of the largest and choicest stocks in London, at ADLEY and CO'S, 69 and 70, Bishopsgate-street, City, Makers and Designers of Linen's Robes, Coats, Pelisses, Basinettes, Boys' Suits, &c.

UNDER LINEN FOR FAMILY USE, for Ladies and Children of all Ages, equal to best home-made work, and less than present bare cost of materials, &c., at ADLEY and CO, Manufacturers, 69, 70, Bishopsgate-street, City.

AUTUMN DRESSES. Patterns post-free.
The new Sandringham Poplins .. 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
The new Tarn Irish Poplins .. 47s. 6d. ..
The new Poplins de Sues .. 39s. 6d. ..
The new Gossamer Cloth .. 12s. 6d. ..
Aberdeen Winceys, Repp, Dr. girdles, &c., from 8s. 9d. to 21s. ..
BAKER and CRISP, removed to 198, Regent-street.

WILLIAM TARN and CO'S EXTENSIONS.

THE Public is respectfully informed that the business portion of these New Premises will be complete for opening on MONDAY, OCTOBER 5.
The departments which will be largely extended are Carpets, Furnishings, Drapery, Family Mourning, Made Dresses, Silks, Mantles, and Fancy Goods.
The new departments are Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture generally.
Bonnets, Millinery, Ladies' Outfitting, Baby-linen, &c.
NEWINGTON-CAUSEWAY and NEW KENT-ROAD.

FAMILY MOURNING SENT FREE OF EXPENSE.
Families are respectfully informed that an assortment of mourning goods (including dresses, bonnets, millinery, gloves, shawls, &c., and every requisite for complete mourning) would be dispatched for selection to any part of the country, free of expense, immediately on receipt of an order per post or telegram, accompanied by an experienced Assistant, or superior fitting Dressmaker (if necessary). Patterns and Estimates sent. Also, complete lists of Mourning requisites for every grade or degree of relationship.
Agent for the new Imperial unspotting Crapes.
Address, PETER ROBINSON, Family and General Mourning Warehouse, 103 and 105, Oxford-street, London.

THE JURY OF CLASS XXX. of the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862, in awarding to SMITH'S SEPRING MATTRESS the Gold Medal, and to SOMMER TUCKER, the ONLY PRIZE MEDAL or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, say in their Report, page 6, No. 2905, at p. 11, No. 2014—
"The Sommer Tuckers is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."
"A bed as healthy as it is comfortable."
To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale of the Manufacturers, WM. SMEE and SONS, Finsbury, London, E.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S COLOURED FLANNEL SHIRTS are made only from such Flannel as will wear well. A Good Fit and Best Workmanship guaranteed. The new Patterns and Colours are ready. On receipt of three stamps, patterns to select from and a full instruction for Measurement will be sent.
Prices—10s. 6d. the very best quality (the colour causing the difference in price), 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 14s. 6d. each.
R. Ford and Co., 35, Postbury, E.C.

CRINOLINE.—THE PATENT ONDINA, or Ward Jupon, does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoop; and so perfect are the waiable bands that a Lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an armchair, pass by her stall at the opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking rude remarks from the observers; thus modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities which tend to destroy the modesty of Englishwomen; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds. Price 15s. 6d., 21s., and 25s. 6d. Illustrations free.—E. PHILPOTT, 37, Piccadilly, W.

CAPTAIN WHITE'S ORIENTAL PICKLE, CURRY, or MULLIGATAWNY PASTE, Curry Powder, and Curry Sauce, may be obtained from all Faucé Vendors, and wholesale of CROSSE and BLACKWELL, Purveyors to the Queen, Soho-square, London.

As a MEDICINE long highly esteemed for its Curative Powers in Cases of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Nervousness, and Affections of the Liver and Bowels, LOCKE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS cannot be too strongly recommended, having stood the test of public opinion for upwards of half a century. Prepared only by James Locke, 15, New Ormond-street; and to be had of all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

AUTUMN DRESSES.—PATTERNS FREE.
New Autumn Checked Girdles, 7s. 6d. for 12 yards, wide width.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW SILKS, PATTERNS POST-FREE.
New Autumn Checks and Stripes, 1 guinea to 3 guineas, 12 yards. Superb qualities in French Fancy Silks, 15 guineas to 5 guineas, the Robe of 15 yards. Rich Gros de Sues Silks, 3s. 6d. per yard, wide width. Samples, representing a stock of £20,000, post-free.
Crystal Warehouse, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

BLACK SILKS, PATTERNS FREE.
Brilliant Black Girdles and Gros Grain Silks, 1 guinea to 4 guineas, full Dress. Magnificent Mère Antique, all Silk, 42s. 6d.
Crystal Warehouse, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

THE NEW DRESS FABRICS for AUTUMN, PATTERNS POST-FREE.—New Colours in Knickerbocker Winceys, 14d. per yard. Norwich Camlets, 8s. 9d. 12 yards. All the new durable fabrics, guaranteed for wear, 10s. 9d. to 14s. 9d. 12 yards. Real Aberdeen Winceys, best quality, yard wide, 11s. 11d. per yard.
Crystal Warehouse, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

NEW AUTUMN CLOAKS and JACKETS.
ENGRAVINGS FREE.—A Selection from four hundred different designs. Elegant Vesteing Jackets, 15s. 9d. Thoroughly Showerproof Cloaks, 11s. 9d.
To ensure a reply and the dispatch of patterns the same day, it is positively necessary that all letters be addressed to the Crystal Warehouse.
NICHOLSON and ANNOTT, Crystal Warehouse, 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

MILITARY CANTEENS for Officers, 28 each, Oak Case, containing the following—
FLATED SPOONS AND FORKS. Brought forward .. 25 5 8
4 Table spoons .. 12 0 0
4 Table forks .. 12 0 0
6 Dessert spoons .. 12 0 0
6 Dessert forks .. 12 0 0
6 Tea spoons .. 12 0 0
6 Tea forks .. 12 0 0
1 Soup ladle .. 12 0 0
1 Pair fish carvers .. 12 0 0
1 Sauce ladle .. 12 0 0
1 Mustard spoon .. 12 0 0
Carried forward, 25 5 8 Complete .. 25 0 0
Every other size and pattern in stock.
MAPPIN BROTHERS (THE LONDON BRIDGE FIRM), SILVERSMITHS AND CUTLERS, LONDON BRIDGE, 67, and 68, KING WILLIAM-STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, and 212, REGENT-STREET.
Same prices charged at BOTH HOUSES as at their Manufactory.
QUEEN'S PLATE CUTLERY, 21, WILKINSON, SHEFFIELD. OBSERVE THE ADDRESS.

DENTS CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, and CLOCKS.—M. F. Dent, 33, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, Watch, Clock, and Chronometer Maker by Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen.—33, COCKSPUR-STREET, CHARGING-CROSS (corner of Spring-garden), London, S.W.

Bronzed SCROLL FENDERS, 10s. each.
Black Fenders, 3s. 6d. to 6s. Improved Coal-boxes, 4s. 6d.
Bronzed Fenders, 10s. to 30s. Coal box, 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Bright steel and Ornamental. Copper ditto, 2s. to 5s. 6d.
Bedroom Fire-irons, 3s. to 5s. 6d. Queen's Pattern, 18s. 6d.
Drawing-room do, 10s. 6d. to 30s. Queen's Pattern, 18s. 6d.
Every article in Electro-plated. Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c., at the lowest prices consistent with quality. Catalogues gratis. Orders per rail free.—RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, 33, Strand.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the best articles at DEANE'S Ironmongery and Furnishing Warehouse. Established A.D. 1700. New Illustrated Catalogue and Priced Furnishing List gratis and post-free.
Deane and Co. (opposite to the Monument), London Bridge.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, and BEDDING, Carriage-free, 30 per cent cheaper than any other house. See our Illustrated Catalogue, containing 40 Designs, with prices and estimates forwarded gratis. This book is unique for its practical utility. LEWIN CRAWFORD and CO., 72 and 73, Queen's-buildings, Knightsbridge, London. Established 1810.

CHIMNEY-GLASS, &c. with elegant French Frames and Glass 50 by 40, for 41 10s. Consides in the newest French designs.
V. DORSET, 51A, Fleet-street.

SCIENCE and ART DEPARTMENT of the COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION, South Kensington.—The New Art Training School of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education will be opened for public inspection on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 2nd and 3rd of OCTOBER, from Twelve till Nine p.m. The Classes assemble on MONDAY, the 5th of OCTOBER.
By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

WHEELER and WILSON'S Unrivalled Fine-Metal LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE, with all recent improvements and additions, for
Sewing, Binding, Corseting, Hemming, Felling, Gathering, and all other household or manufacturing work.
Instructions gratis to every Purchaser.
It is rated prospectus gratis and post-free.
139, Regent-street, London, W.
Manufacturers of Foot's Patent Umbrella Stand.

SPECIAL PRIZE MEDAL for the BEST SEWING-MACHINE awarded to W. F. THOMAS. These celebrated Machines are adapted for family, mill, shop, bind, braid, gasher, roll, &c. Price £10.—Regent-circus, Oxford-street; and 34, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

H. WALKER'S PATENT RIDGED-EYED NEEDLES extend the cloth, so that the thread may pass through it quickly and without the slightest drag. For use in sewing they surpass all others. Sampler, post-free, at 1s. per 100 of any size.
H. Walker, Patentee, Alconster; and 47, Gresham-street, London.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mellow, smooth, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 8s. 6d. each, at most of the respectable retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at a Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded Kinahan's LL Whisky.

WINE.—Cockburn's Port, 40s.; Sherries, 18s. to 40s.; and Claret, 14s. to 20s. To be obtained pure and cheap of the IMPERIAL WINE COMPANY, which imports the choicest Wines and sells to the public at reasonable prices.
Collins—Marylebone Court-house, W.
Stores and Office—214, Oxford-street, W.
Export and Bottling at Vauxhall—15, John-street, Cromptedfriars, E.C. London.

QUININE.—DR. HASSALL'S REPORT on "WATER'S QUININE WINE" testifies to its value. Full list of testimonials forwarded by ROBERT WATERS, 2, Motcomb-street, Cannon-street, London, E.C. Sold by Grocers, Italian Warehousemen, and others, at 20s. per dozen.
Wholesale Agent, E. LEWIS and CO., Worcester.

RASPBERRY, LIMES, GINGERBRETTE, &c. is a pint. A tablespoonful for a tumbler. ADAM HILL, 20, High Holborn. Dantes Spruce Stores. Order by post.

FRY'S ICELAND MOSS COCOA. FRY'S SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.
J. S. Fry and Sons were the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Prize Medal, 1862.

BAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS, for Indigestion, Flatulency, Heartburn, Bile, &c. Sold in tins, 1s. 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. each, by J. L. Bagg, sole maker, 2, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square; Maw and Co., Aldersgate-street; and all Chemists.

KEEN'S GENUINE MUSTARD.
There are many qualities of Mustard sold. Obtain Keen's Genuine Mustard and full approval is guaranteed. Sold by the Trade from the Casks, and in 1 lb. and 4 lb. Cansisters.
KEEN, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and CO., Garlick-lane, Cannon-street, London.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE, 29, Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.
TOTAL ANNUAL REVENUE EXCEEDS £600,000.
ACCUMULATED FUNDS IN HAND OVER £1,000,000.
Chairman in Liverpool—JAMES THURNER, Esq., M.P.
Chairman in London—WILLIAM WATTSWORTH, Esq.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1862.
The Directors of the Royal Insurance Company are now called upon to make their accustomed periodical Report at the Meeting of its Shareholders.

FIRE BRANCH.
The Directors have, as is always the case, at the close of the year, to announce, for the first time, that the Fire Premiums have not only reached, but exceed £400,000.
The high comparative position held by the Royal in the Government Returns of Duty is again fully maintained.

The profit of the business of the year exceeds considerably the amount realised in the preceding year, and in fact surpasses that of any year, with but two exceptions, since the commencement of this Office, the balance to the Credit on account of British and Foreign Insurances being £45,107 10s. 5d., and of the North American business, which is kept separately, £11,097 10s. 10d.

LIFE BRANCH.
The very gratifying duty now falls upon the Directors to state the sum assured on new policies for the year 1862 exceeds even that of the year 1861 by £180,000, and has arrived at the almost unexampled amount, for a single year, of £70,427 on 1658 new policies issued. Until within the last few years, it is believed that such a sum assured as that which has just been announced as the result of one year's business was all but unheard of.

This portion of the Company's business has been carefully watched, and cannot fail to give much satisfaction to the Shareholder, as well as to small encouragement for the future to the participating life assured.

Evidence of continued care in the selection of lives is amply afforded by a statement of the number rejected. These have amounted to 311 for the year, on which the aggregate sum proposed for assurance amounts to £143,281. Various degrees of ineligibility have led to these lives being declined.

No small number of the Assurance Companies of the year record their accepted lives annually at a sum not much, if at all, exceeding those which the Royal has declined as inadmissible in a single year from deterioration of some kind or another.

If, to complete their review, the Directors now advert briefly to the United Kingdom, they have to announce that in Fire Business its progress has been undoubtedly more rapid than that of any other Company established either in London or elsewhere, except when amalgamations have taken place. The Royal Insurance Company stands in this. In the amount of New Policies already reported makes all other evidence needless.

The Directors conclude their present Report with the expression of an opinion that the prospects of the Royal Insurance Company were never brighter, and of a constant and hopeful future, founded on a grateful remembrance of the past, that the future may unfold in a sphere of still greater magnitude, combining distinguished commercial success to the Office with a lengthened career of usefulness and protection to the public.

FACILY M. DENT, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES.
Capital, £1,000,000.
Chief Office—156, Leadenhall-street, London; and Queen Insurance-buildings, Liverpool.
LONDON ROADS
CHAIRMAN—Henry Bruce, Esq., Merchant, Moorgate-street.

William Atkin, Esq., Inverness-terrace, Hyde Park.
Henry Fowler, Esq. (H. and R. Fowler, Timber Merchant), St. Mark's-lane.
J. H. Latham, Esq. (Latham Brothers and Co.), Fenchurch-street.
George May, Esq. (George May and Co.), Finsbury-circus.
R. Barclay Reynolds, Esq. (Reynolds, Mann, and Co.), Jeffrey-quay.
Archibald Robertson, Esq. (Martin, Robertson, and Co.), Grasschurch-street.

Mercantile Insurances at the reduced rates.
Policies transferred from other companies free of charge.
Every description of Life Assurance effected.
J. MONCRIEFF WILSON, Manager.
FREDERICK ALLEN, London Secretary.
N.B.—Active Agents required on liberal terms.

NEW ZEALAND.—REMITTANCES.
THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND (Incorporated by Act of General Assembly), Capital £500,000, grants Letters of Credit, and undertakes every description of Banking business, throughout the several provinces.
Terms and Particulars on application at the London office.
F. LARK WORTHY, Managing Director.
50, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

AGENTS REQUIRED.—THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY is prepared to entertain applications for Agency Appointments from gentlemen having command of Fire and Life Business.
Transfers of Policies from other Companies received without charge for Policy, whatever the amount.
Address JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary.
Royal Insurance Company, 29, Lombard-street.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—The Committee earnestly appeal to the public for Assistance, to enable them to meet the heavy demands on the Institution's 123 Life-boat Establishments. During the past year 338 shipwrecked sailors have been saved by some of the Institution's life-boats. Contributions are received by all the London and country bankers; and by the Secretary, Mr. Richard Lewis, at the Institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, W.C.

PALMER'S VICTORIA SNUFFLESS DIP CANDLES. Sold everywhere; and wholesale by PALMER and CO., the Patentees, Victoria Works, Green-street, Bethnal-green, N.E.

NAPOLÉON PRICE'S GOLDEN OIL for RESTORING THE HAIR. The fact of its being in constant use in the Royal Navy and in the families of the nobility stamps its superior excellence. 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s., and 10s. per bottle. Manufactory, 158, N. W. Bond-street, first floor.

TEETH supplied by Messrs. GODFREY received the only Gold Medal awarded at the International Exhibition of 1862. Use visit is only required for their adjustment. They will last a lifetime, and again restore the function to its original youthful appearance. A set from £3 10s. to 35 guineas. Teeth filled with gold, warranted to last twenty years.—17, Hanover-street, Hanover-square, W. Painful stumps extracted painlessly.

RECKITT'S DIAMOND BLACK LEAD. Cleaner and Cheaper than all others.
Sold by Gilman, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.
Reckitt and Son, London Bridge, E.C. and Hull.

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUME, the PAITI BOUQUET, with Photographs and Autographs of those illustrious artists, Adeline and Charlotte Patti. Price from 2s. 6d.